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HAMPERED.

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1891.



HAMPERED.

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS.

ONE DANCE AND ONE TABLEAU.

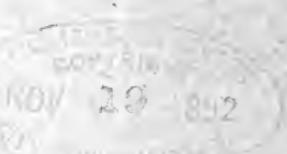
AN ADAPTATION OF A NOVEL, WITH PERMISSION OF

The Authoress.

BY

J. BUNFORD SAMUEL,

PHILADELPHIA.



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HAMPERED.

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS.

One Dance and One Tableau.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

GENTLEMEN.

<i>Randall Mackay,</i>	A poor young Sculptor.
<i>Jerome Lenox,</i>	Father of Jeanne, a prosperous Banker.
<i>Mr. Grayson,</i>	Father of Marianne, a poor Artist.
<i>Adolphus Chiltern,</i>	A young society man, a Lawyer.

LADIES.

<i>Marianne,</i>	Wife of Randall, daughter of Mr. Grayson.
<i>Mrs. Fawcett,</i>	
<i>Jeanne Lenox,</i>	{ Daughter of J. Lenox, a fashionable society belle.
<i>Hildah Warren,</i>	
<i>Mrs. Roper,</i>	Aunt of Jeanne's, an old maiden Lady. Sister of Randall's, in the millinery business.
<i>Florence,</i>	

French maid of Miss Lenox.

Ladies and Gentlemen in the Dance and Tableau.

HALL BOY.

SCENES—Partly in Randall's Studio, in Mr. Lenox's House, in Mrs. Roper's Lodgings, also at Mr. Grayson's Quarters.

Act I—Scene I.

A poor but artistically furnished lodging-room, divided at either end by a Portiere, also a Portiere hung just inside the entrance, making a little hall, the centre portion being the reception room, one end a retiring room, the other the studio. The walls of all hung with clever paintings, sketches and plaster casts; here and there tubes of paints, brushes, etc. In the studio an unfinished marble Statue, on a wooden pedestal partially covered with cloth.

Randall Mackay seated at a table reading a letter.

Marianne, his wife, seated at an easel painting.

PROLOGUE.

Ran. (*rising*)—“ One tale is good till another is told,
One love is new till it groweth old,
One trick no game of cards can win,
One slow regret will heal no sin.”

(*Reading letter*). “ When the June meadows grow gay with buttercups, daisies and sweet red clover; when sky, earth and water emerge from the thralldom of winter, pranked out in blues and greens so exceedingly fresh and bright, that one naturally fails to recognize them for the same old garments nature has worn since the garden of Eden time, the average man begins to draw disparaging comparisons between town and country, and would gladly resolve himself into a brown or yellow butterfly, with no more onerous duty to discharge than an occasional flight from the crown of a clover head to the golden cavern of a buttercup.

For present purposes I choose to classify you with the average man, slough the sculptor, and come up and turn butterfly for a few days metaphorically speaking only, for I cannot imagine you divested of your excessively long legs and broad shoulders, nor yet conceive of any enjoyment for you in sucking red clover tops, give me a good Havana always; seriously, Lidy and I want you—need you I might say without dropping into exaggeration, we are tired of each other at a fearful rate; come and take your choice of entertainments; you can go with me and fling a line for blackfish, sprawl at leisure under the Laburnums (taking your chances of course of ants and malaria), or again, you can sit on the veranda and talk art with Lidy, she considers herself no end of a critic since her return from abroad, and imposes upon me most outrageously with her

tones and semi-tones, and heaven knows what bosh besides; come up and protect us against each other; no excuse accepted.

Yours, — FOSTER."

That's kind of Foster; tremendous effort, too; he's about the laziest man I know; they are people it won't do to slight, old family, good position, no end of money, entertain extensively I hear when they are in town— Well, shall I go?

Mrs. M.—Who is Lidy?

Ran.—Foster's wife, I imagine. I have never met her; some of the fellows at the Academy told me he had a wife studying at Berlin

Mrs. M.—Studying what?

Ran.—Oh, music and painting, and all the rest of it; the story goes that she is young and handsome, but never had much of a show before Foster married her. If I find she is one of your sort, I'll ask her to come and see you—that is—

Mrs. M.—You are going, then?

Ran.—Well, yes, for a day or two; don't you think it best? The Fosters are good people, best not slight their first invitation.

Mrs. M.—Certainly not; but you are not to speak of me to the Fosters, Ran; you know our understanding; I am to remain inconnue until I can take my proper place among your fashionable friends without putting you and myself both to the blush. Use these rich stepping-stones to the best of your ability, dear.

Ran.—I don't like leaving you, but think it is best for me to go. I'll tell the hall boy that I will be out of town for a few days. Good-bye, Nan-Nan.

Exit

Mrs. M. (*soliloquizing*)—I wonder what he means by one of my sort? He works slowly, very slowly; he will never finish the Statue at this rate. Ah! if he were only more industrious, more systematic, if there was a hook on every inch of the walls, Ran would leave something to pick up after him.

I shall take this opportunity of cleaning up a bit. If I should shake these rugs in the studio I would cover everything, including myself, with lint. I wonder how long I will be a maid of all work, whilst Ran is enjoying himself. (*Adjusting a veil partly over her head and face, and putting on an apron*) I will ask the hall boy to give these rugs a shake in the court of the basement (*gathering an armful of rugs and walking to the door half opened it, and was just in the act of throwing the rugs outside when she found herself face to face with a stylishly dressed young lady, who breathlessly asked*);

Enter Miss Lenox.

Miss Len.—Is not this Mr. Mackay's studio? Mr. Mackay, the sculptor.

Mrs. M. (*letting rugs fall*)—Yes, but he is out.

Miss Len.—I know that, out stared me in the face from the card rack in the hall down stairs, and the hall boy said "he's out," that is why I kept on up.

Mrs. M.—But Mr. Mackay is out for some days, perhaps he will not be home until after a late dinner on Thursday.

Miss Len.—Gone with the Murrays on their yacht?

Mrs. M.—No, not with the Murrays; did you want to leave an order?

Miss Len.—My good girl, see here, by the way are you the person who has charge of Mr. Mackay's studio?

Mrs. M.—Yes, I am the person who cares for the studio.

Miss Len.—And see him often, of course?

Mrs. M.—Pretty often, he's out a good deal. I presume you mean Mr. Mackay by him.

Miss Len.—Now see here, my girl, I hope you are discreet?

Mrs. M.—I try to be.

Miss Len.—That's right, and rest assured you shan't loose anything by being so with me. I am dying to see something in Mr. Mackay's studio, something he is at work on, but of course he is not to know anything about my being here you know.

Mrs. M.—Then he did not ask you to come?

Miss Len.—No; oh, no! this is a little lark of my own devising.

Mrs. M.—And you are not afraid of his being angry? The idea seems to amuse you.

Miss Len.—It does, we are such very good friends you know. It must be there (*pointing to the pedestal*).

Mrs. M.—Why not wait until Mr. Mackay is ready to exhibit his work?

Miss Len.—That will be forever. He says I must wait until it is put on exhibition at the Academy of Design, but that isn't fair.

Mrs. M.—Not fair to whom?

Miss Len.—To me.

Mrs. M.—Why should you be favored beyond the general public?

Miss Len.—Because—because I know all about it; I am it—you know; I inspired it—you see.

Mrs. M.—Yes.

Miss Len.—Yes, and—and I know the lady whose features he is reproducing in "Love's Young Dream"; that is what he is going to call it—the statue I mean.

Mrs. M.—You know the lady?

Miss Len.—Yes, very, very well indeed. Take this note, my good girl (*handing a bank note*), just for one little peep; he will

never know it; I should never acknowledge it; he might think it fast, you know.

Mrs. M.—What is the note for?

Miss Len.—For you.

Mrs. M.—For me?

Miss Len.—Yes, for you, to pay you for just lifting a corner of that cloth and letting me have one little look at the statue, If I knew how, I'd do it myself, but I am afraid I might break something.

Mrs. M.—So am I.

Miss Len.—But you have seen him do it, I am sure you must have.

Mrs. M.—Yes, I have seen how it is done, but I am afraid to touch it.

Miss Len.—No harm shall come to you.

Mrs. M.—How do you know?

Miss Len.—I am positive.

Mrs. M.—I am afraid that I shall have to ask you to go away now. I am not at liberty to show any of Mr. Mackay's work to strangers, and I must take this chance to give his studio a good overhauling; he does not often admit strangers to this room, even when he is at home.

Miss Len.—But I tell you I am not a stranger; I am his very, very best friend, and he'll never, never know I've been here, not from me.

Mrs. M.—Nor from me; please go now, I could not tell Mr. Mackay if I wanted to, I don't know who you are.

Miss Len.—You are horrid, I will make it Ten.

Mrs. M.—Make what Ten?

Miss Len.—I will pay you Ten Dollars and insure you against the wrath to come.

Mrs. M.—That I am sure you could not do; I am sorry to seem unaccommodating to so generous a young lady, but as long as Mr. Mackay's studio is in my charge things must not be touched without his permission. Won't you be so good as to go away now?

Miss Len.—You are simply abominable.

Mrs. M.—Yes.

Miss Len.—I did not know he painted too (*looking up at the sketches on the wall*). These are divine.

Mrs. M.—I think Mr. Mackay does not lay much stress on these little things, they are mere stop-gaps.

Miss Len.—Stop-gaps. Oh, yes, what the artists call pot boilers, poor, dear old fellow. Well, I must thank your obstinacy for preventing me from seeing the statue. Good afternoon.

Exit.

Mrs. M. (*going to the window to see the lady get into her coupe*)—

And to think that I do not even know who she is. She must have been here some time, for it is getting dark. (*Lights the lamp on the table.*)

Enter Mr. Mackay (noiselessly in the hall).

Ran. (*soliloquizing*)—Poor little woman. It has been a long, stupid time to her, I guess; better let her sleep “It” off (*entering room and seeing her seated by the table*). You beautiful witch, what do you mean by sitting here posing for a statue of Reverie at this hour (*seizing a soft plait of shining hair in his hand he bent over to kiss her, she involuntarily shrank back*). As you please, my lady fair, you know I am not much of a beggar in that line; the next kiss, I imagine, will be a free will offering on your side.

Mrs. M.—Shall I get you something to eat, Ran?

Ran.—Thanks, no. I am not always thinking of the inner man. Been lonely, Nan-Nan—any letters, papers, visitors, anything happened at all since I left? Confound that red shade, it makes you look ghastly?

Mrs. M.—Red does not usually have that effect.

Ran.—You look ghastlier than ever.

Mrs. M.—Do I? then you had better put back the shade. Yes, something has happened to answer one of your questions.

Ran.—Well, what?

Mrs. M.—I have given the studio a splendid overhauling; you know I told you I was going to devote the time to it.

Ran.—And have simply overworked yourself. If women would only recognize the fact that it is as much their duty to look beautiful for their husbands, as it is to attend to their creature comforts, it would be a good thing all around.

Mrs. M.—And I have made a discovery.

Ran.—Well?

Mrs. M.—I have discovered that your masterpiece is not getting on very fast. I expended half of one of my long hours in criticising “Love’s Young Dream” this morning.

Ran.—Yes, of course you found no end of fault with it.

Mrs. M.—As a work of art, no.

Ran.—I did not know it was open to criticism on any other score, as a likeness, perhaps. If you go on losing flesh at the rate you have done lately, we’ll both find it hard to see the likeness of the model in it.

Mrs. M.—Why don’t you work harder on it, Randall—harder and faster? Why do you let days and days go by without ever even looking at the work which you say is to bring you fame and fortune? How can you be satisfied to see it standing there shrouded day after day, weeks and months rolling by, and it no nearer completion? Yes, Ran, why don’t you work at your

statue steadily, finish it and put it on exhibition? You must do it, Randall.

Ran.—If that isn't just like a woman, nag at a man to send him in one direction, and then fly at him like a fury because he doesn't go just exactly in the opposite direction. It's maddening. Who was it that urged me to accept that invitation to the Fosters?

Mrs. M.—I did.

Ran.—Who is it that is always saying, "You must become personally known, and that among the wealthy classes if you ever hope to make a support out of your chisel for yourself and me."

Mrs. M.—I said it.

Ran.—Also who says, "You must go out where you can see beautiful things, go where works of art are to be examined, mingle with people who know art, love art, exalt art, are rich enough to patronize art."

Mrs. M.—I plead guilty to every indictment.

Ran.—Well, then, what is a fellow to do?

Mrs. M.—I did not mean to anger you, Randall, but I feel I have a right to urge you to devote a little more time to a piece of work which promises so much, you know.

Ran.—Oh! I know everything. I know that because I chanced to leave you alone for a day, you grew cross and morbid, and have been bottling up your spite to pour it out on my head as a sort of counter irritant. It might have marred all my chances of successful drudgery in the future to have had an entirely pleasant visit among cultivated and amiable people, and then come home to an amiable wife to finish out the evening in quiet talk. You know when I opened that door and thought I would surprise you with my quick return, and saw you sitting there so serene and pretty, my heart gave a great leap for very tenderness and I said to myself: She's the very pearl of wives, waiting up to finish off the evening so nicely. I saw, however, that you were sulking about something the moment I spoke to you; it puzzled me at first; I see now you're thinking that when the statue is done, should I ever acknowledge that my wife furnished the model, people would laugh at the idea.

Mrs. M.—Then you will have to transfer the honor to some other woman.

Ran.—That's an easy thing to do, but so long as I am "Hampered" as I am it's not likely it ever will be finished.

Mrs. M.—Hampered, Randall?

Ran.—Yes, Hampered. (*Rising and going into the studio.*)

Mrs. M. (*rising also*)—Well I certainly have made a mistake awaiting up. I wonder what to-morrow will bring forth?

Exit.

ACT 1—SCENE 2.

Mrs. Mackay's dressing-room scantily furnished. Easel and painting reclining on it in one corner. Mrs. Mackay seated at work on picture.

Enter Randall.

Ran.—Good morning, Nan, I say when the masterpiece is done I shall insist upon your giving up this job-work, these pretty little trifles of yours are catchpenny affairs which appeal to the uneducated herd, but you can scarcely take much pleasure in them yourself.

Mrs. M.—Not a great deal, but they serve as stop-gaps you know, and we are not independent of them yet.

Ran.—No, not yet, and if they serve to amuse you, well—as for me I don't care to degrade genius at such a ruinous price; for instance, what do you expect for that trifle? a sketchy, nice little thing; upon my word you have talent, Nan, undoubtedly talent.

Mrs. M.—Fifteen dollars.

Ran.—You are coming to take coffee with me.

Mrs. M.—No, it is already to your hand. I must finish this to-day, it goes with the other three, the man will be here for them at eleven.

Ran.—You had better have worked on them in my absence, you would have been better employed than moping yourself into such a bad fit of the sulks. I suppose I must take my drink by myself. You know they say "solitary drinking" is bad, Nan. (*Going for the coffee.*)

Mrs. M.—How queer men are. I do not suppose Ran has troubled himself regarding last night's conversation, except in the light that he thinks I am in the sulks. "Hampered" has appeared to me in burning letters all night long. Does he mean it, or was it said like many other things he gives utterance to,—but here he comes. I will ask him.

Ran.—After coffee a good cigar, nothing like it, and then for a good day's work on "Love's Young Dream." I will show you, Nan, what a good boy I can be when I want to be.

Mrs. M. (*laying down palette and brushes*)—Ran, I think Love's Young Dream must be pretty well over between man and wife when such passages as last night's are possible, don't you? I don't care to have you say you did not mean a word that you said last night, Ran, for no one ever does mean half they say in temper, but you made use of one word, Ran, yes, and you repeated it, which you must take back before things can be as they were with us.

Ran.—Must take back? You take lofty grounds, Mrs. Mackay.

Mrs. M.—I take just grounds, Randall. You don't know how hard it is for me to bring up that hateful discussion again; if you did you would understand my underlying purpose better.

Ran.—I take it that nothing is easier for some women than to nurse a grievance, your underlying purpose I imagine is to extract from me an abject admission of remorse for my recent pleasures. You would delight in hearing me call myself all sorts of ugly names.

Mrs. M.—You know better than that, Randall; you are talking sheer nonsense now.

Ran.—What in the mischief has come over you in the last twenty-four hours? I fail to recognize you in your new role of shrew.

Mrs. M.—My old role was that of a patient minister to a splendid egotist. Randall, I have nourished your selfishness and arrogance by my absolute acceptance of you just as you were. I'm not going to analyze your weaknesses or your failures even now. You said last night that you were "Hampered" in your life's work—hampered so that you could accomplish nothing, at least that is the substance of what you said, wasn't it, Randall?

Ran.—Well, yes, I believe I did use words to that effect.

Mrs. M.—Did you mean them, Randall?

Ran.—An artist is always hampered to a certain degree by marrying early in life, did you ever hear that sentiment before?

Mrs. M.—Yes, that is exactly what father said to you when you told him you and I wanted to get married. Father had great confidence in your ability, and thought we were very foolish to think of matrimony.

Ran.—The old gentleman is a man of considerable penetration; I think better of his judgment now than I did then.

Mrs. M.—You mean that for me, Ran?

Ran.—You're bent on driving me out of the house, aren't you? You've spoiled my cigar now, and you've spoiled a good morning's work; what are you driving at, out with it.

Mrs. M.—I am driving at this: You must say that you did or did not mean that you are "Hampered" in your work by me, this is not simply a contest of words, Randall. I know as well as father does that you are a man of genius, and it is in you to do a great and good work if—

Ran.—If what?

Mrs. M.—If you are not "Hampered."

Ran.—Don't be silly, Marianne. I suppose the majority of men do make their flights on clipped wings, but it is not on record I believe that any feathered soarer ever sat down to contemplate its mutilated quills. I suppose I will do as well as any other clip-winged thing. If there is anything in me,

poverty will spur it out of me I imagine. Our prospects are not the most brilliant in the world.

Mrs. M.—If you were not married you would be a great pet among the wealthy and fashionable patrons of art, I suppose, Ran. You have just that distinguished sort of good looks which captivate women at first sight.

Ran.—You overpower me with your remarkable transitions from grave to gay—from lively to severe, my dear.

Mrs. M.—And you would make influential friends among them.

Ran.—Not unlikely. I've met some very nice people since my Psyche was put on exhibition. Art should be nourished on dainties or it languishes. I am afraid there is not the making of a garret genius in me, but what nonsense we both are talking.

Mrs. M.—You would be happier that way, Ran.

Ran.—Happier which way?

Mrs. M.—Unhampered, free to wander in Bohemia with your brother artists, with no haunting thoughts of a wife waiting for you at home. Free to accept pleasant invitations to grand houses where beautiful women in silks and jewels will exalt you in your own estimation, by swinging the censor of adulation before you until you are intoxicated and ready for still higher flights. Free from the harsh necessity of coming back to a poor little make-shift of a home where stupid calculations about expenses must be endured occasionally. I am the skeleton at your feasts, now, Ran. if it were not for me you could go to your daily tasks warmed and soothed and inspired by all the nice flatteries that have dropped from nice flattering lips.

Ran.—I am afraid I am just cad enough to hanker after the soft side of life as you picture it; it is awfully unnatural we'll admit for argument's sake, but I confess I would rather be flattered than scolded any day in the year.

Mrs. M.—Then you won't take it back, Ran?

Ran.—Take what back?

Mrs. M.—That word "Hampered."

Ran.—You have selected a queer mode of making me do it (*taking his hat and walking towards the door slamming it after him*).

Mrs. M.—He does mean it, then. I will leave this note for him (*placing note on table*). I do not doubt now that he will enjoy my absence. The die is cast; I will go. (*Putting on her bonnet and placing a few articles in a small bag she leisurely walks to the door, casts a hurried glance into the room, turns and leaves.*)

Enter Randall.

Ran.—If I'd known how things were going to turn out I'd have refused Foster's invitation to dinner. I suppose there will be the mischief to pay when she finds I'm off again for

this evening. (*Looking around.*) Evidently Marianne is gone out to walk off her sulks, I suppose. (*On the table were two notes, picking them up he read the first.*) "Miss Jeanne Lenox would call for him in the carriage that evening to take him to the dinner at the Rockwoods, as it looked so much like rain" A very imprudent proceeding. I do wish that girl had some sensible womankind to look after her. (*Opening second note three ten dollar bills fell to the floor, he read:*)

"My Dear Ran.: I have tried very hard to think that it did not matter much whether or not you took back that terrible word 'Hampered,' but it does. I never was much of a hand to enlarge on my own emotions and it does not matter much what or how I feel while writing this but I cannot make up my mind to stay where I stand in the way of your fullest development as an artist. No one need know that any change has taken place in your private life, indeed no one in your new circle knows that you have a wife I imagine. I am not blaming you for this, for I have not forgotten that we agreed that until you should have gained your foothold, and I was able to make a proper appearance in public, I would remain unknown. As long as we were sure of each other, what did it matter to us whether the public who patronized your art, and petted you for its sake, knew anything of the background to your life? A poor struggling sculptor with a shabby economical wife behind the scenes would have found no favor in the circle upon which art is dependent for its sustenance. I think when one has made a false step it is best and bravest to retrace it before it is too late. I don't believe it is too late in your case, we have been married such a little while; only two years and a half. I leave you half of what the man paid for my trifles this morning. I am afraid your exchequer is rather empty. I want you to do yourself full justice, Randall. I shall hear of you should you ever become the great artist which you should be, now that you are no longer 'Hampered' by

MARIANNE."

Who would have believed she had such a temper, she is positively vicious (*tearing the letter into fragments.*) I suppose she has gone to the old man with some lively statement. She can sulk it out on that line, pouting is a game two can play at. (*Putting on his wraps.*) I think I will take a little stroll in the cool air and collect my thoughts in order to be in shape when that giddy girl calls for me.

Exit.

ACT 1—SCENE 3.

Miss Lenox's boudoir, handsomely furnished and adorned with modern bric-a-brac. Miss Lenox seated in arm chair looking at some dainty ribbons. Florence, her French maid, standing a little way from her.

Miss Len.—Come and make me beautiful fer to-night, Florence (*giving the last syllable of her maid's name the full benefit of a French accent*).

F.—Miss expects to meet her lover, then?

Miss Len.—Not exactly lover, Florence, but, dear me, can I possibly have been so stupid as to forget the Pozzoni? You told me to get the Pozzoni powder, didn't you? No, not lover, Florence—admirer, friend. Oh! Florence, he is just splendid, everybody adores him.

F.—Where did Miss get this? (*Holding a vial to the light*.)

Miss Len.—Don't you like it, Florence? They told me at the bazaar that it would make a hideous old woman of sixty look like a beautiful girl of sixteen.

F.—Miss Lenox is neither sixty or sixteen. (*Smelling the vial*.) The genuine article, the one only Cosmetilline; I did not know one could get it here; the same my dear Lady Eunice used.

Miss Len.—Tell me about your Lady Eunice, Florence.

F.—There is not much to tell. My Lady Eunice made a great mistake in life and it made her look old before her time, hence the use of the cosmetic; sorrow is not good for the complexion.

Miss Len. (*laughing*)—What shall I do with the cosmetic, give it to Aunt Hildah or stop it tightly and wait for grief?

F. (*adjusting Miss L.'s hair*)—If Miss has a lover grief will come soon enough, Ciel! I hope it will not come to you as it came to my Lady Eunice.

Miss Len.—Florence, you are horrid, you actually give me the shivers.

F.—Miss has asked for information concerning Lady Eunice?

Miss Len.—Yes, but how did grief come to your Lady Eunice? What did she do that made Cosmetilline necessary?

F.—My Lady Eunice fell in love with another woman's husband.

Miss Len.—That was very naughty of your Lady, she deserved to come to grief and to Cosmetilline prematurely.

F.—Not at all, Miss Jeanne, my Lady had nothing whatever to do with it.

Miss Len.—Nothing to do with it? Nothing to do with falling in love with a married man?

F.—No, Miss. It was the work of destiny; destiny threw my Lady into the way of that other woman's husband, they

discovered their affinity for each other and the consequences were inevitable.

Miss Len.—What were the consequences?

F.—When my Lady Eunice heard that her husband's first wife had died in an asylum for the insane she became melancholy, and melancholy always makes the complexion yellow, it was then we began to use Cosmetilline. Poor Lady Eunice, a less tender nature than her's would have preserved its beauty in spite of all.

Miss Len.—Her husband's first wife, then she married the man?

F.—What did you suspect, Miss Lenox? of course she married him.

Miss Len.—Florence, do you believe in affinities, soul's mates and all that sort of thing?

F.—Without doubt, do not you?

Miss Len.—I don't know yet, but I hope fate will never play me the malicious trick she played on your Lady Eunice and marry my affinity off before we find each other.

F.—I hope so, too, Miss Lenox, from my heart. But if she should?

Miss Len.—If she should, Florence; we will fall back on Cosmetilline. I am glad to know of such a panacea for grief (*laughing*). You had better call Aunt Hildah, Florence, you know she will never omit the ceremony of inspection.

F.—I hope you will not allow Miss Warren to make any alterations. You are perfect to-night, Miss. I am sure your lover—

Miss Len.—Not lover, Florence.

F.—Admirer, friend, affinity, then, will like you best just as you are. Is he rich, Miss Jeanne?

Miss Len.—No, a struggling genius, Florence.

F.—Ah, well, that is a pity, but then Miss will have enough for two (*exit muttering*). As well fetch in the cat that sits by the kitchen range to criticise.

Miss Len. (*soliloquizing*)—Will he like me best just as I am. Oh! I hope so. I want to be beautiful for him—him only of all the world. (*Enter Miss Hildah Warren.*) How do I look, Auntie?

Miss W.—You are altogether too young and too handsome to be allowed such large liberty. No one at all to— Oh! my dear child.

Miss Len.—No one at all to do what? I have you and Florence.

Miss W.—Florence knows how to dress you, but I— Oh, Jeanne, I have been young and admired myself in my time. I know what the temptations of this gay world are.

Miss Len.—Don't moralize, Aunt Hildah. I'm not dressed for a lecture, I'm going to enjoy myself thoroughly to-night.

It is only a quiet little dinner at Mrs. Rockwood's. Florence has been saying all sorts of nice things to me, so don't spoil it all.

Enter Florence.

F.—Miss is perfect ce soir.

Miss W.—Of course Florence is going with you? If it were not that my lameness made me so conspicuous in company.

F. (*hurriedly*)—Of course I go with Miss Jeanne.

Miss W.—That makes it all right, and Jeanne do take notice of Mrs. Verplank's dress, her wardrobe was gotten up by Felix of Paris. Find out where Mrs. Rockwood is going this summer. We must get out of town.

F.—Miss Lenox will be late.

Miss Len.—I will find out everything, Auntie. Good night.

Exeunt.

ACT 1—SCENE 4.

Handsome modern dining-room of Mr. Lenox, the banker. Mr. Lenox at the table about breakfasting.

Enter Miss Lenox.

Miss Len.—I got up two hours earlier on purpose to breakfast with you, you very dear, handsome, big, old Papa. Express your gratitude fittingly.

Mr. L.—That means no surplus in the treasury. It isn't every woman that can dare the morning's glare as well as you can, Jeanne. Is it that white frock?

Miss Len.—I retired last night like a good girl, my roses are the reward of a filial desire to breakfast with you, but I have not heard you say you will be glad to have me pour out your cocoao yet; and I don't think it is at all nice of you, Papa, to suppose I want money every time I come near you.

Mr. L.—No. Why I thought that was being just as nice as possible.

Miss Len.—Money is not everything.

Mr. L.—No, not everything.

Miss Len.—Papa, do you love art?

Mr. L.—Bliss my soul, a new departure, the æsthetic this time, did my Jeanne curtail her morning nap exclusively to discuss art with her Wall Street Bear?

Miss Len.—I only call you that when you are ugly and cross, you look amiable this morning and I adore you.

Mr. L.—Thanks. It is no small matter to have a handsome woman of brains and perspicuity tell one he is adorable, espe-

cially when one's mouth is full of buttered toast. Jeanne. I am afraid you are reduced to actual penury, let me see your check book.

Miss Len.—Now, Father, don't tease; I have a favor to ask of you, and you must promise beforehand to grant it.

Mr. L.—Reasonable, as usual, but as it is entirely immaterial whether I promise beforehand or simply do your royal highness's bidding with my customary unquestioning docility. Heave ahea l, my daughter.

Miss Len.—Don't be slangy, dear, slang doesn't become your style of beauty. You look like a Roman senator, you know, minus the toga. Now, Papa, you do love art, don't deny it (*placing her hands on her Father's head*).

Mr. L.—I haven't the slightest intention of doing so, but, Jeanne, would you mind combing my hair with just one or two fingers instead of all ten at once? I am afraid I won't have time to revisit my dressing-room before going down town.

Miss Len.—I have heard you say plenty of times "that you thought our wealthy men had better spend more money encouraging native talent, rather than in purchasing old world pictures at such reckless prices." Don't deny it, Papa.

Mr. L.—Well, and I stick to it, that's sound common sense whether it is art logic or not.

Miss Len.—It is both.

Mr. L.—Both? And that from you, why you've always fought like a little Tigress for the old Masters and the Renaissance, and the dear knows what art bosh besides.

Miss Len.—I have changed my mind.

Mr. L.—Given up foreigners?

Miss Len.—Yes, and am going to devote myself to the encouragement of native talent.

Mr. L.—Well, dear?

Miss Len.—Well, Father, I want very, very much to have you prove how much of all you have said about native talent mean't anything.

Mr. L.—Endowment for League? Art Class? Something of that sort?

Miss Len.—No, Papa, nothing on so grand a scale. I am modest, you see, I want you to be good to, and help along one solitary deserving struggler.

Mr. L.—Woman?

Miss Len.—No, a man, a young man that I met last night at Mrs. Rockwood's.

Mr. L.—For the first time?

Miss Len.—Oh, dear, no, everybody that is anybody has invited Mr. Mackay about this Winter and Spring; one meets him everywhere, Mrs. Rockwood raves over him. He was at the Fosters' a day or two ago.

Mr. L.—That doesn't look like starvation. The Fosters don't take kindly to meritorious mendicants.

Miss Len.—No, oh no, neither do I. I have no faith in out-at elbows talent. Mr. Mackay is not out at elbows, nor does he eat his dinner as if he got one a month; he dresses nicely and looks at home everywhere. No one is ashamed to have Mr. Mackay visit them, he is the coming man this Winter.

Mr. L.—A sort of woman's pet.

Miss Len.—Indeed nothing of the sort, Father; of course if he expects to get on here he must make himself personally known, and the women are the only mediums open to him at present; he can't advertise himself like a quack medicine or a patent shoe polish, Papa.

Mr. L.—Now, well, but what is he about and what do you want me to do about him.

Miss Len.—I will tell you. He is from away up somewhere in Vermont. Mrs. Rockwood, you know, can always find out more than anybody else can; she says he has painted portraits and all sorts of pictures to support himself while at work upon his real life-work sculpture. He tells her that he has a piece of sculpture in an unfinished condition which he is confident will meet with the plaudits of discriminating art critics all over the world when put on exhibition. He has been a long time at it, and Mrs. Rockwood further says "that although of course he don't tell her so, she imagines he is poor and has to stop work on his masterpiece in order to make enough money by other means to pay his room rent and feed himself." Horrible, isn't it, Papa.

Mr. L.—What, Jeanne, the masterpiece or the man?

Miss Len.—That such a genius should have to think about room rent, and bakers' bills, and, and—things.

Mr. L.—Inconvenient but not exactly horrible, and you want me to—

Miss Len.—Satisfy yourself that this young sculptor is really deserving, and then—

Mr. L.—Well, then—

Miss Len.—Do for him, Father, what you would like some other man to do for Len—our Len—who is wandering no one knows where.

Mr. L.—(abruptly rising) Where does your beggar student hold forth, Jeanne?

Miss Len.—He is neither a beggar nor a student.

Mr. L.—Your prodigy, then.

Miss Len.—Nor that.

Mr. L.—The estimable young gentleman, whom to pleasure her royal highness, I suppose I must look up? (*Jeanne, glancing towards him a look of gratitude, came forward and whispered to him the sculptor's address, then left the room, kissing her hand to her Father.*) (*Meditatively*) Jeanne is a good hearted little thing. What other girl of her set with countless calls upon her time and thoughts would even have remembered Mrs. Rock-

wood's needy protege? (*Looking at his watch*) By Jove, a nice time for me to start about business. I will assist the young man for my daughter's sake.

Exit.

Act II—Scene I.

Mr. Mackay's studio. Mr. Mackay clad in a blouse at work on his statue.

Enter Mr. Lenox.

Mr. L.—(*Pushing the portiere to one side at the entrance of the studio*) Excuse me for the interruption. My name is Lenox, sir, Jerome Lenox; happy to make your acquaintance.

Ran.—I have often heard of you, of course, sir; who has not? and I am truly grateful for this call; won't you be seated? Do you know, sir, people judge so by appearances that merely this call from you is enough to send me several rounds up the social ladder.

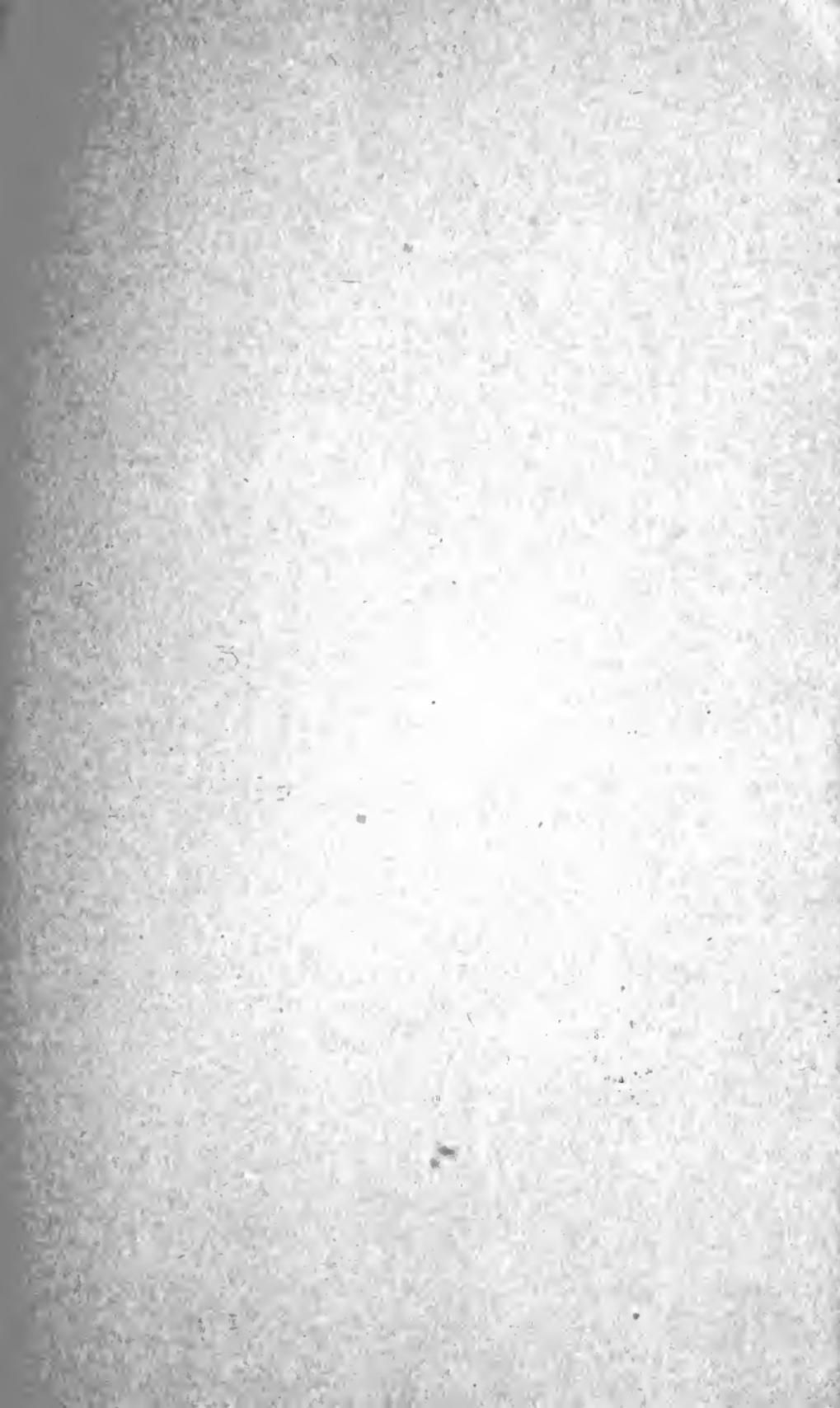
Mr. L.—(*scanning the statue*) It must be a joy to see a piece of work like this growing under your hand; it's fine enough to make a fellow repeat Pygmalion's experience. I'm not going to make an ass of myself by attempting art criticism, I'm simply an ignorant worshiper at the shrine of the beautiful and I'm proud to think it is the work of native genius, sir. I'm an American to the backbone—first, last and always an American—and I believe in spending American money on American artists, providing their work, like yours, merits it. Why should we fill our parlors, our galleries, our museums with big canvasses simply because some foreigner with an outlandish name painted them?

Ran.—Because it is fashionable

Mr. L.—But I'm not fashionable; no, sir, I never was, and when Mrs. Lenox, my wife, lived she was not fashionable. Miss Lenox—you know my daughter?

Ran.—Yes (*blushing slightly*).

Mr. L.—You are too modest by half, sir; you must get over that trick of blushing. I was about to say my Jeanne, she's all I got left, of course she's spoiled a little, she plays at fashionable life at a tremendous pace, but Jeanne is sound to the core; she never runs after a celebrity because he is a celebrity, he's got to show his grit. Now you know some of our women just naturally make fools of themselves over you fel-



lows—no offence; I mean women in the upper strata who ought to have more sense.

Ran. My acquaintance in the upper strata is limited.

Mr. L.—Yes, of course you're a new comer. The first year here I believe, Jeanne told me, but you've made some headway with nice people. Jeanne tells me she met you at the Rockwoods, and heard of you at the Fosters; the Fosters are rather offish as a rule.

Ran.—I have had considerable kindness shown me since the exhibition of my statue *Psyche* at the Academy.

Mr. L.—Yes, yes, but that is going to be a grander work when it is finished (*pointing to the statue*).

Ran.—Yes, when it is finished.

Mr. L.—You must have had a superb model for it. I'd like to see something half that fine in flesh and blood. Jeanne would stand a good chance for a stepmother. You've really given me a delightful surprise. I feel as if I had learned something from you, I do, and we must see more of each other. By the way, have you an engagement for to-morrow night? You have? Well, say Thursday?

Ran—I have no engagement for Thursday.

Mr. L.—Well, then, put us down for a quiet family dinner on Thursday at six, sharp. I should like you to overhaul my pictures. Jeanne declares they make her blush. You see Jeanne goes about a good deal and picks up no end of amateur twaddle that passes for art gospel with her. We both need an intelligent interpreter. You'll be doing a good work by taking the pictures in hand. (*Taking his hat and preparing for departure*) We will look for you now positively. Good day.

Ran.—I shall certainly do myself the honor of, both calling and dining with you at the appointed day. Good afternoon, sir.

Exit Mr. Lenox.

Enter Mr. Grayson (father of Mr. Mackay's wife).

Mr. G.—Well, Ran

Ran.—How're you, Mr. Grayson? I certainly didn't expect to see you over during this very hot spell.

Mr. G.—It is a hot day, but if I remember right you generally manage to keep pretty cool up here

Ran.—Yes, there is always a breeze up here; we're so high up, you see. Sit down there, Mr. Grayson (*leading him to a cushioned chair*), and let me have your hat.

Mr. G.—How is the statue getting on?

Ran.—Slowly; I've been a lazy hound this Summer. It's the air I think, but I'm going to do better; I've been hard at work all day. What do you think of it? Come, now, give us an old-time criticism. I think I should be the better for a regular quiz.

Mr. G.—There! do you suppose I braved this heat just for the pleasure of snubbing your new-fangled methods, sir.

Ran.—You will stay to dinner?

Mr. G.—Yes, if Nan Nan will give me some.

Ran.—Marianne?

Mr. G.—She isn't ill?

Ran.—She is not here.

Mr. G.—Not here?

Ran.—I thought she was with you.

Mr. G.—With me? Why should she be with me?

Ran.—She left me in unreasonable pique and her own good sense will show her who is to blame. She is amply able to care for herself for a few days; of course she will come back to me, but why she did not go to you I can't fathom.

Mr. G.—Because she would not have been the Marianne I know if she had come home whimpering with a tale against her husband (*rising and taking his hat to leave*).

Ran.—(*intercepting him*) You are not going without a bite of something. Where are you going? What are you going to do?

Mr. G.—I am going to look for my daughter. I never knew her to do an unconsidered thing in all her life, unless, indeed, it was marrying you.

Exit.

Ran.—Where is Marianne if not at her father's lodging? How long is she likely to keep this nonsense up? If I'd only waited two little years longer I would have had a father-in law one could have used. I will go and see the picture dealer to whom Marianne sold her sketches; perhaps he will be able to throw some light on her whereabouts.

Exit.

ACT 2—SCENE 2.

Mr. Grayson's room in environs of the city. His daughter, Mrs. Mackay, seated at a table busy mending the old gentleman's odds and ends.

Enter Mr. Grayson.

Mr. G.—God bless my soul, there is Marianne!

Mrs. M.—You naughty Papa, here. I've been spending the entire day waiting and waiting to see you, and now you've got to shelter me for the night.

Mr. G.—I went over to see you this morning, my daughter.

Mrs. M.—So I suppose you saw Randall, of course.

Mr. G.—Yes, I saw him. He thought you were with me all this time, why did you give me such a fright Nan-Nan, and what have you raised such a row about?

Mrs. M.—I never meant to give you a fright Father, I would not have done such a thing, it was just a chance, an odd one too, that took you to town this morning. I only left the—my husband two days ago.

Mr. G.—But you are going back to him?

Mrs. M.—No.

Mr. G.—I don't mean immediately stay here until you get over your huff, you are always welcome dear.

Mrs. M.—I am not in any huff Father, Randall and I made a mistake, you know you said we were about to do it before the ceremony of marriage was performed.

Mr. G.—Yes, yes, but that's all past and done with you blundered, you can't unblunder.

Mrs. M.—Father don't you think Mr. Mackay has very decided talent?

Mr. G.—Marked, marked, there's nothing that fellow could'nt do if he only would apply himself. Ran. is a luxurious dog, he's always at his best when he's had a good big bit of flattery judiciously administered.

Mrs. M.—Precisely, flattery is the breath of his nostrils, luxnry the prime necessity of his existence. I have been a great injury to Randall. I have "Hampered" him

Mr. G.—Who says so?

Mrs. M.—I say so, you say so, results say so.

Mr. G.—I say so.

Mrs. M.—Yes, you were the very first one who said so, your's was a warning. I did not heed that, I have had another warning Father, I do not mean to neglect this one.

Mrs. G.—What do you mean Nan-Nan?

Mrs. M.—I mean just this, you are not to interrupt me Father and you are not to try to turn me from my purpose, it would be absolutely useless, it was because I did not want to come to you in the first heat of my excitement, nor in fact until I had fully developed my plans, that you owe this anxious day, it never occurred to me that you might hear it all from Randall first.

Mr. G.—He said nothing harsh about you Marianne, be careful. I intend to be very impartial in this matter

Mrs. M.—I wish you to be. I am in Mr. Mackay's way Father. I "Hamper" him. I cannot administer flattery in judicious doses, I would rather not have discussed this matter with you at all, but I did not care to write about it, and I did not want you to be wearing yourself out anxiously conjecturing about me.

Mr. G.—Conjecturing about you? Haven't you come home to me, to stay with me?

Mrs. M.—Most assuredly not, fortunately in the days when you anticipated leaving me to my own resources, you gave me something that will stand me in good stead now Father, my knowledge of painting I mean. I can make a very good support out of it. I came here to-day just to tell you good bye, Father, and to say I don't want you to let this make any difference between you and Mr. Mackay. He depends very much on your advice and criticism, it is useful to him, he needs it, he must have some one to lean on, some kind person who will not administer flattery. some one friend to tell him the truth.

Mr. G.—You are bent on this mad step, this wicked step?

Mrs. M.—I am.

Mr. G.—And for no adequate reasons other than you have mentioned?

Mrs. M.—I "Hamper" him, I am going to leave him "Unhampered. I want to put matters to the test.

Mr. G.—(*Agitatedly*) Marianne, when I left Mackay's studio this morning, it was with my heart full of wrath against him. I had nothing but condemnation in it for him, and loving pity for you, but bless me since I've found you here looking so unconcerned, and heard you discuss the matter so cold-bloodedly, bless me if I don't begin to pity Mackay, and think it more than half your own fault.

Mrs. M.—It's all my fault, but right or wrong the step is taken, it cannot be retraced, I had meant to say good bye to you to-night Father, and to have asked you not to worry about me, but you stayed so late that I have undone the Sofa bed in the studio for myself, I believe we had better both try to get some sleep.

Mr. G.—Where are you going Daughter?

Mrs. M.—In yonder. (*Nodding her head towards the drawn curtains of the studio.*

Mr. G.—I don't mean to-night, I mean ultimately, at least until your fit of the sulks has worn itself out?

Mrs. M.—That is not for you to know, I do not want it to be in any one's power to say that you are harboring a truant wife Father, but then (*Laughing bitterly*) not one of Randall's fashionable friends know that he has a wife; good night Father. (*Retires to the studio.*)

Mr. G.—(*Soliloquizing*) She will be all right in the morning. It never would have done to have sided with her, they have made a big mistake, but they must work out their own salvation. I shall give her a real scolding to-morrow, she looked too white and tired to-night.

Exit Mr. Grayson.

ACT 2—SCENE 3.

Dining-room at Mr. Lenox's house. Mr. Lenox and Mr. Mackay seated near the table smoking.

Mr. L.—You see, Mackay, I am a trifle "hampered" when it comes to entertaining my friends decently at home (*offering some more cigars and a glass of liquor*) This is a little heady, but you haven't taken enough to hurt a baby yet Yes, as I was saying, I'm a trifle "hampered." I generally have my own friends up to the League for dinner. By the way, put me down for next Thursday at the club. I want to introduce you to some fellows who've got more money than brains. This is Miss Lenox's domain. My little girl is too young to be put at the head of a table full of men; her position, too, is a little peculiar—no mother—my dear wife left us for a better world two years ago: there is no one here in the womankind but Hildah, my wife's sister. Hildah is a good woman, none better, but, well, Hildah is Hildah.

Ran.—I assure you that nothing could have been more delightful than the family dinner, just over. It was so kind to admit me to your home circle.

Mr. L.—Yes, but I take it you're not one of the domestic sort, you artists are generally Bohemians. However, you must stay and finish the evening with Jeanne and Hildah. This is Jeanne's at-home; later on there will be a dance. Jeanne is too young for her mother's old set; they are inclined to patronize her, and the little monkey has ruled me with a rod of iron so long that she don't accept patronage very meekly from anybody

Enter Miss Lenox.

Miss Len.—Papa, if you are going to ask any advice from Mr. Mackay about your pictorial Noah's Ark, I wish you would do it now Aunt Hildah and I will want him to help us presently.

Mr. L.—All right, my tyrant; come, Mackay. I keep the Ark, but she entertains the animals. Jeanne gets a regular menagerie together every Thursday.

Miss Len.—At-homes are dreadful, don't you think so?

Ran.—I regret my limited opportunities of judging.

Miss Len.—Ah, you are a stranger here yet awhile. Wait until this Winter and you will be bored out of your existence. You see, Aunt Hildah and Papa make my at-homes so difficult. Papa runs away entirely as a usual thing, and Aunt Hildah, poor dear, patient Aunt Hildah, sits behind the tea things and dispenses tea as if she were at a church fair, for so much a cup, and was afraid to get the change wrong if she permitted conversation.

Mr. L.—Hildah was born a saint and has not become contaminated even by living in the house of a Wall Street Bear.

Miss Len.—You shan't make fun of Aunt Hildah; she is as true as gold, but you will stay, Mr. Mackay, and help me entertain, besides I propose having a little dance later on, and I should like you to assist me in leading at least one figure in the German, won't you?

Mr. L.—Of course he will; I'll fetch him myself, presently.

Miss Len. (*looking at a dainty little watch*)—Papa, I will give you just one-half an hour for the pictures; after that Mr. Mackay belongs to me.

Exit Miss Lenox.

Mr. L.—You know, Mackay, as a rule, we city men make egregious asses of ourselves when we undertake to buy pictures. There's a lot of bare spaces here to be filled, and I have just got sense enough to know that I don't know anything about this sort of thing; that is, I think I know a fine portrait when I see it, but these picture dealers have such a gift of the gab that they can talk an easy-going fellow into buying a picture, whether he likes it or not.

Ran.—I admit there are some unscrupulous ones.

Mr. L.—So I need an expert. I want you to fill that space for me. Take your own time, make your own selections; in the meantime draw on me for commissions as soon as you please. Now then, my dear fellow, I'm under bonds to hand you over to the women; after all they are the ones to float a fellow. I've got to meet some man at the club at half-past nine; you will excuse me. Don't forget Thursday evening next. Come this way (*conducting Mr. Mackay to the ball room*).

Enter two Lackeys to clear away tables, etc.

Exeunt.

Ball room at Mr. Lenox's mansion, Miss Lenox receiving her guests near the entrance.

Enter Mr. Mackay.

Miss Len. (*smilingly approaching*)—You won't find this, Mr. Mackay, like Mrs. Rockwood's at-home; Mrs. Rockwood's are perfect, don't you think so?

Ran.—I never attended but one, and then you were there; of course it was perfect.

Miss Len.—Aunt Hildah was afraid that Papa would fill your mind with business this evening. You are mine now; stop

thinking about blank spaces, and please take your place opposite to me and we will lead the dance.

(All the company present join in the dance.)

Ran. (*at the close of the dance*)—Are you not tired, Miss Lenox, after so much exercise? Might I suggest going into some quiet corner for a few moments (*leading her to a recess of a bow-window*). I know what I am going to say is impolite, but let me bid you adieu here. There is some work crying out in my studio for my presence, and whilst under the inspiration I should attend to it. I have had a charming evening.

Miss Len.—You have had nothing of the sort, and if you go now I shall think—

Ran.—Think what?

Miss Len.—That—you—do—not—like—me.

Ran.—Jeanne, do you love me?

Miss Len.—Yes, you know I do.

Ran.—God help you, little one! (*leaving Miss Lenox abruptly, and quickly leaving the room.*)

Exit Mr. Mackay.

Miss Len. (*plunged in bewilderment at her admirer's sudden departure*)—Poor fellow, he is afraid of Papa, that is all. He thinks rich men are all ogres and he is about to be devoured by one. He is a tempest. I adore him!

Curtain falls.

ACT 2—SCENE 4.

Mr. Mackay's studio. Mr. Mackay at work on his statue.

Ran.—Confound this thing! If I stay shut up with it here much longer alone it will give me the horrors; better make a finish of it and get it out of sight. (*A knock at the door. Enter Mr. Chiltern.*) Chiltern! Why, I thought you had been out of town this month past. Hold on, let me see if I can find accommodation for you and that gorgeous bunch of roses. My room is not always in this wretched condition.

Mr. C.—You will have to accommodate the roses also—they are for you, and I'm glad enough to get rid of them. With your permission, I will take possession of this jolly window seat.

Ran.—For me, those roses?

Mr. C.—Yes, for you; it's a great thing to be the coming man, rising luminary, etc. There's where you art fellows get the better of us poor limbs of the law, especially when you supplement the artistic temperament with a Byronic head and

a Garibaldian mustache. Who would ever think of sending me a floral tribute?

Ran.—That is a fact; you are a lawyer.

Mr. C.—You look rather seedy, old fellow; working too hard, I guess. Mother sent you those roses, and told me to say that she is going to have a lot of nice girls out at our place next week and she wants you to come and help entertain them.

Ran.—Thanks for the roses and the invitation.

Mr. C.—Oh, as for the roses, they take the earth out yonder in June, and as for the invitation, the thanks, if you accept, will come from us. I'd like to live this way (*sucking the head of his cane, and looking around him meditatively*).

Ran.—Then you must be a naturally depraved wretch. I call this living like a dog—everything is upside down.

Mr. C.—If it is, I live like one of those pop-eyed, bow-legged pugs, sleek and well fed, but some woman or other has always got hold of the other end of the chain, and I've got to go just the way they pull.

Ran.—How many they's are there?

Mr. C.—Five—one mother, two aunts and two sisters. What chance has a fellow among such a lot of petticoats?

Ran.—Chance for what?

Mr. C.—Chance to make a man of himself.

Ran.—It depends on what sort of a man you want to make of yourself.

Mr. C.—Oh, well, I don't want to make a beast of myself, I hate nasty things, and I don't think I'd want to lie, gamble or drink, even if I were left to my own devices, but then, oh, well, hang it, a fellow don't like to have to give an account of himself five times over, you know?

Ran. (*rising and placing his hand on Mr. Chiltern's shoulder*)—Dolly, there are all sorts of chains in this world, and all sorts of dogs tugging at them, but I think if I had to take my chances over again, I'd like to feel that my chain was firmly in the grasp of somebody stronger and better than my own weak self.

Mr. C.—Say that over again, I want to remember it verbatim.

Ran.—Why?

Mr. C.—Well, you see mother's the best woman in the world, there's no question about that, but she is strait-laced, and I don't mind telling you that she was a little afraid of you, you know.

Ran.—Afraid of me?

Mr. C.—Yes, this way—I guess I have talked a lot of stuff about you, and she was afraid I was getting fond of one of those Bohemians, but that idea of yours will fetch her, you understand?

Ran.—Yes, I understand.

Mr. C.—You will come to help me through, Mother never has but the nicest girls out; you know she and the aunts empanel a committee and sit on them. They are going to marry me off some day in spite of myself, to the wrong girl, of course.

Ran.—Who, for instance, are some of the nice girls that will be with you week after next?

Mr. C.—Oh, I don't know, about a dozen; that's mother's idea of making home happy for me. Miss Jeanne Lenox for one; ever seen her? She's real nice, a regular high-stepper, and as jolly as you please. She makes fun for the whole house when she comes.

Ran.—Then perhaps after all the chain will be pulled in the right direction this time.

Mr. C.—That chain is in Miss Lenox's hand, and she won't be pulled about by anybody, but, 'pon honor, I never meant to have consumed but five minutes of your valuable time.

Ran.—My time is not very valuable this morning. I've been fighting a headache. By the way Chiltern didn't I understand from somebody that you had passed your examination very creditably, and was prepared to practice law this coming winter.

Mr. C.—I don't know about the creditable examination, but I am a so-called lawyer, have taken desk room with old Judge Hallam Foote, you know I must be under somebody's wing.

Ran.—Then may be you can give me the law in a certain imaginary case, I don't know that I ought to call it imaginary either. I will be very frank with you Dolly, of course trusting to your honor for secrecy.

Mr. C.—That of course without saying.

Ran.—I have a friend in Vermont who has come to grief in a domestic way recently, he had married from pure love a woman who afterwards turned out something of a shrew, she left him on very slight provocation, and my friend writes to me for advice as to what steps to take in the matter.

Mr. C.—Does he want her back?

Ran.—That I am not quite sure about.

Mr. C.—Well it all depends on that, if he wants her back, I suppose all he's got to do is metaphorically to go on his knees to her.

Ran.—My friend is not much given to genuflexion, moreover he does not know where she is.

Mr. C.—Desertion! A clear case of desertion, in that case all he has to do is to summon her to return a certain number of times, and in case of refusal, after five years, the law presumes her dead, and he is a free man, free to marry again.

Ran.—Ah, well, I don't know why I have bothered you with this tempest in a tea-pot, but I was going to write to this friend of mine this morning, and as the poor fellow had asked

for my advice, I wanted to be able to give it to him intelligently, thanks to you, I can do so now.

Mr. C.—Glad to be of any service to a friend of yours. I can tell Mother you will come.

Ran.—Don't promise for me Chiltern. thank her, and tell her if I can get away from my studio, I will be only too happy.

Mr. C.—You do look done up. I think you will find a tonic in our country air, to say nothing of the girls.

Exit Mr. Chiltern.

Ran.—Chiltern is a good fellow, I don't think he had any suspicion of the Vermont friend being myself. Five years is a long time to wait, but Jeanne is young. I will call there tomorrow and make a rendezvous in the Park.

Curtain falls

ACT 2—SCENE 5.

A Woodland Scene.

Enter Mr. Mackay and Miss Lenox.

Ran.—Miss Lenox, I came here to say something which had better be said in as few words as possible.

Miss Len.—Yes.

Ran.—Yes, I had no right to ask you to grant me this rendezvous; but I wanted to tell you something, must tell you something in fact.

Miss Len.—Yes.

Ran.—I am an unmitigated scamp Jeanne, Miss Lenox, and deserve to be ordered from your presence as you would order an insolent Lackay who had put an affront upon you.

Miss Len.—I do not understand you.

Ran.—Of course you don't, how can you, I don't understand myself.

Miss Len.—You are afraid of Papa.

Ran.—He, he, does not know anything?

Miss Len.—No—I—there was nothing for me to tell him,—you—

Ran.—True, true, you could hardly have told him, that he had entertained a villain at dinner, and that you had been insulted by that villain afterwards.

Miss Len.—I insulted?

Ran.—Yes insulted, is it not an insult for a man in my position, a poor unknown obscure modeller in clay, and chipper of marble to raise longing eyes to Jerome Lenox's daughter, is it not an insult for a man absolutely debarred from even the possibility of asking a woman to be his wife, to permit his

passion for that woman to over-ride his prudence? Is it not an insult for a man to pour meaningless words of love into a girl's ear and to extort from her avowels that can lead to nothing, as I extorted them from you last evening, my poor little Jeanne.

Miss Len.—Meaningless words, lead to nothing?

Ran.—Yes, meaningless words, that can lead to nothing.

Miss Len.—Why? (*Drawing her hand across her face.*)

Ran.—Because I never can. I never intend to repeat one word of all the stuff I poured into your innocent ears last night, until I am in a position to face your Father, and say to him, Jerome Lenox by the help of my own strong right arm, I have carved out a position that you cannot look down upon, it may be a long time before I can do it Jeanne, two years, perhaps three, perhaps longer, perhaps never, until then.

Miss Len.—Until then?

Ran.—Until then, good bye, I must not stand in the way of some more fortunate man. I will not "Hamper" you.

Miss Len.—Until then—I will wait—there will be no other fortunate man. What are two years, three, four. You will be great, and I shall be proud of you. Father likes you now.

Exeunt.

ACT 2.—SCENE 6.

Room in Mrs. Roper's lodging house. Marianne Mackay now called Mrs Fawcett seated working at her easel.

Mrs. F.—(*Meditatively*) Yes, if I stood in his way, I should have stepped aside and left him "Unhampered." A year will tell whether or not he needs me, I know Father misses me, it was a cold morning when I crossed the ferry. It would be a comfort to me to see Father's dear face again he looked so suffering the night I saw him last. I—(*Knock at the door*) Come in.

Enter Mrs. Roper.

Mrs. R.—I'm so glad to find you in Mrs. Fawcett, you won't mind my sitting down, I'm all out of breath, and all out of temper too, how perfectly lovely your room does look.

Mrs. F.—(*Laying down her brushes*) Can I do anything for you Mrs. Roper?

Mrs. R.—You can, I'm in a peck of trouble, read that (*Laying a telegram before her*) "Mrs. Roper must hold herself in readiness to prepare a fancy costume at two days notice for a garden party, at which the wearer is to represent Mountain Laurel. Jeanne Lenox."

Mrs. F.—(*After reading the telegram*) Well?

Mrs. R.—(*Twisting the telegram viciously*) As if I know anything on earth about Laurel Mountain.

Mrs. F.—Mountain Laurel you mean.

Mrs. R.—And my designer off on a vacation!

Mrs. F.—Why don't you telegraph back you can't do it.

Mrs. R.—Can't do it. did you see the signature?

Mrs. F.—Yes, I saw the telegram signed "Jeanne Lenox."

Mrs. R.—And that stands for several thousand dollars every year to me, I must do it. If she was to come here to-morrow and find I hadn't even made an effort at it, do you know what she would do?

Mrs. F.—I haven't the remotest idea.

Mrs. R.—Why, she would simply walk over to Greanleaf's and I should be ruined, she is a nice young lady when everything goes to suit her but my she is pugnacious when it don't, she's spoilt you see, only child, Father no end of money, French maid all claws and eyes for trainer.

Mrs. F.—Poor child, I am sorry for her, I expect—

Mrs. R.—You will be sorry for me this time tomorrow if the Laurel Mountain dress isn't designed. What do I know about Laurel and Mountains, me that never slept a night out of the City, except when I was on the other side buying goods in Paris. Dear Mrs Fawcett! You do paint beautifully, such lovely fruit and flower pieces, I do declare your Lemons put my teeth on edge, and I always feel like biting your watermelons, and you must have seen the Laurel nonsense sometime in your life—wouldn't you, oh wouldn't you my dear Mrs. Fawcett. I know it is a step down, artistically speaking, but if you would only design Miss Lenox's costume for me?

Mrs. F.—But the young lady might not like my design, it is sure not to be conventional.

Mrs. R.—Precisely! exactly, you couldn't have said a better thing. Oh I will pay you anything you ask, that is, provided of course, anything in reason.

Mrs. F.—I do not wish payment, this is not my line of work. You have been very kind to me, and if I can save a valuable customer to you, I shall be glad to do it.

Mrs. R.—You are an angel. I always knew you were. Valuable, I should say she was. Miss Lenox's custom is worth a round sum a year to me, and I will never, never, allow my designer to leave my side again, no, not unless it is to attend to her own funeral. Good bye, God bless you

Exit Mrs. Roper.

Mrs. F.—I wonder what Randall would say to my becoming a Dressmaker's designer, he seemed to object to my sketches as degrading art—but they brought me in money all the same, (*Adjusting her bonnet*) I will step out, and buy a slip of Laurel just to get an idea.

Curtain falls.

Act III.—Scene 1.

Mr. Mackay's studio. Mr. Mackay at work on his Statue.

Ran.—Well no more invitations to nice country houses. No word from Marianne; it must be that Statue that forced her so prominently into my mind, here dust, poverty, silence, at Chiltenhurst, light, air luxury. (*Turning down the lamp near statue and lighting one on the table*) No letters, no nothing all day long, every one out of town. I suppose I shall have to take my choice between work and suicide. Which shall it be.

Enter Mr. Grayson

Mr. G.—Why Ran you here? I've been making trips across the river most every day this week to see you, this time I was going to leave a note for you

Ran.—I returned to the studio last evening (*Placing a chair for Mr. Grayson*) and am feeling bored with myself already. Glad to see you.

Mr. G.—Got home from where Ran?

Ran.—From Chiltenhurst.

Mr. G.—Chiltenhurst, where is that? I cannot place it on the map.

Ran.—It isn't on any map. It is the name of Mrs. Chiltern's country place on the Hudson up about Tarrytown, I've been there on a visit.

Mr. G.—Oh! I thought maybe it was some place where Nan-Nan might have wandered to, and you had gone to coax her back home.

Ran.—I shall never do that, she left me of her own free will Mr. Grayson.

Mr. G.—I know it, I know it, she told me so herself.

Ran.—Then she did go to you?

Mr. G.—I found her at my lodgings, when I went back from here, she stayed that night with me.

Ran.—Where is she now?

Mr. G.—I do not know, I think I was a little hard on Nan-Nan that night, I scolded her, I thought you know, she would expect me to see only her side,

Ran.—And didn't she.

Mr. G.—This don't look much like it, she left this behind her, and I was going to leave it here for you, I thought if you were still thinking hard thoughts of your wife, this would crush them all out, it ought to Randall (*Tearing open an envelope and handing Mr. Mackay the contents*) This is what Nan-Nan

left behind her Randall.

Ran.—(*Reading aloud contents of note*) "Don't worry about me Father, I shall do very well. Don't change toward Randall; it was all my fault, you shall hear from me if I am ill. Marianne." And you have heard from her.

Mr G.—Heard from her? No, I thought Ran especially as I came again and again and found you out, that you would have some news of her for me.

Ran.—Then she is not ill, or you would have heard, she always kept her promises.

Mr. G.—Yes, Nan-Nan always kept her promises.

Ran.—This note is generous, May I—I suppose you prefer keeping it though?

Mr. G.—(*Holding out his hand*) Yes, I want it back Ran. It may be you know that I will never hear of her again.

Ran.—Nonsense, rubbish.

Mr G.—I am an old man, a very old man.

Ran. She should have stayed with you, she need not have deserted us both, I should not have forced her to return to me.

Mr. G.—I will tell you what she said about that Ran. "I do not want it to be in any one's power Father to say that you are harboring a truant wife," and more than once that evening she said she thought I might be of use to you Randall, and she did not want to stand between us She knew that I had predicted great things of you.

Ran.—That was unselfish of her.

Mr G.—I never knew Nan-Nan to do a selfish thing, I was hard on her that night Ran, I was angry with her, and—and I refused to kiss her good night. I wish I had that night to go over again Ran

Ran.—But what can I do, she has entirely effaced herself?

Mr G.—Have you tried to do anything Randall?

Ran.—I have made enquiries and advertised.

Mr. G.—I suppose there is nothing more you can do Fan, and there is nothing I can do but wait, and maybe I wont be left here long enough to see her come back to you loving and repentant.

Ran.—You will be across the River

Mr. G.—No not there either Ran. I am an old man you know, but if I am not here Ran, tell her that I missed her, and that I was sorry I did not kiss her good night that night she wanted me to, she asked me twice but I refused her, you see. Ran, I didn't want to seem to be siding with her against you.

Ran.—I see, I wish I could make it easier for you Mr. Grayson. It is hard lines that I can't, when you have been doing me good turns, ever since I was a beggarly little dauber.

Mr. G.—Don't you miss her too Ran? Don't you too feel as if something had gone out of the world, since Nan-Nan took this wild whim into her head? (*Abruptly rising*) Good day Ran,

if anything should turn up about my daughter's whereabouts, don't fail to let me know.

Exit Mr. Grayson.

Ran.—(*Turning toward the statue*) If you could but open your lips and tell me where you were to-night I believe, yes I believe I would go to you Nan-Nan. Oh! What an incomprehensible fool I am, I wish some one would help me understand myself.

Curtain falls.

Exeunt.

ACT 3.—SCENE 2.

Mrs. Roper's millinery shop. Mrs. Roper behind the counter.

Enter Mrs. Fawcett.

Mrs. R.—I am so glad to see you, I have just received a note from Miss Lenox, saying "she don't like the pattern of dress" "says she can't see any sense in it." I mean your conception of the Laurel Mountain.

Mrs. F.—Don't see any sense in it?

Mrs. R.—No, "says she can't make head or tail of it," she's coming here shortly to talk about it.

Mrs. F.—Then it is because she has no head of her own.

Mrs. R.—That is what I told her, no not exactly, I do declare that I'm that upset that I believe I have lost my own head, I told her if she would have it described to her by my designer, dear Mrs. Fawcett we people in business have to tell lies some times, who was an accomplished artist, that was no lie, I was quite sure she would see that the design was both unique and lovely.

Mrs. F.—Why don't you describe it to her.

Mrs. R.—I have to the best of my ability over and over again, but you see I can only execute, I always make Henriette do the talking, and Henriette is off on that dreadful vacation.

Mrs. F.—I will wait a little while, and perhaps Miss Lenox will come in. I am sure unless the young lady is very unreasonable, or entirely lacking in taste, we can make her like that design.

Mrs. R.—There—they are coming now.

Enter Miss Lenox and other ladies in the store.

Mrs. R.—Good day Miss Lenox here is the designer of your dress pattern, I received your note this morning.

Mrs. F.—Mrs. Roper tells me that you are not quite satisfied with the design of your costume.

Miss Len—Quite satisfied, not at all satisfied my dear creature, it is positively mystifying, not to say absurd, can

anybody find Mountain Laurel in that heap.

Mrs. F.—(Silently adjusting the pattern to its proper shape)
Now my lady do you see it?

Miss Len.—See it, it is divine, O' you angel, you are an Artist—You are—(*Running to the door and bringing in some of her friends who were awaiting her*) Look at that girls, and tell me what you think of it?

Chorus of Voices—Divine, lovely, exquisite, just perfect, but what is it for?

Miss Len.—For a garden party at Mrs. Chiltern's—I'm out there for two weeks, then we are going to the Sea-shore, Papa does talk a little about Europe, but I think it will end in the talk. By the way what is the material to be?

Mrs. F.—Pink crepe; it has the desired crimp.

Mrs. R.—Might I ask you Miss Lenox who was the originator of this Laurel Mountain garden party.

Miss Len.—Oh a gentleman who was there on a visit, his idea was to have a sort of garden tea, the Ladies at each table to represent a certain flower, there are to be big Canopies over each table showing just what flower it represents, Poppies Sunflower's, Mountain Laurel, etc. The gentleman's name who suggested all this is Mr. Randall Mackay, you have heard of him girls.

Chorus of Voices.—Mackay the Sculptor? (*The pink paper model fell from the hands of the designer, whose back was turned from the group*)

Miss Len.—He is going to do great things, Papa says he has an unfinished Statue, which will place him in the front rank of American sculptors when it is completed. Now dear Mrs. Roper don't disappoint me about sending it in time, Come girls. Good afternoon Mrs. Roper.

Exeunt

Mrs. R.—Mrs. Fawcett you could make your fortune as a designer, I wish you would think about it.

Mrs. F.—I think my own work suits me best, I am afraid of fashionable young Ladies.

Mrs. R.—I am going to tell you something, You don't seem to know anybody, and I do believe you are discreet, it just goes to show what an all sort of a world this is but I heard one of Mrs. Lenox's friends say, that "She was just making a fool of herself about Randall Mackay."

Mrs. F.—Well what have you or I to do with it.

Mrs. R.—Not much—but well—Ran is my Brother that is all, not that I would ever bother him, even if he were to become Jerome Lenox's son-in-law tomorrow.

Mrs. F.—Randall Mackay your brother? (*excitedly.*)

Mrs. R. What's the matter, anything wonderful about my having a Brother.

Mrs. F.—No, no—only it appears so strange.

Mrs. R.—It sounds strange does it, well he is my brother, is that so hard to believe, he is a good deal younger than I am. I wasn't married when Father died. Mother died when Ran was a handsome little chap in kilt-skirts, I always took care of him, Mother made me promise I would look out for him always, then when Father died, as I was engaged to Mr. Roper who was in a good business, and able to look out for me, I gave Ran the Three hundred Dollars, that was all that was left after paying for Father's funeral, and told him it was to give him a start in life. He took it, the start I mean, and it wasn't long before he walked clean out of my life, I think he sort of looked down on Mr. Roper, because he was a Tailor. Ran always was a high flyer, but as long as he needed me I was willing to overlook his nonsense, if he needed me this minute I would go to him that I would.

Mrs. F.—And you have known nothing about your Brother's life since he left you?

Mrs. R.—Precious little, you know it's easy enough to loose sight of a body right here in town. We heard he was working under an old portrait painter somewhere in Hoboken, then I did hear that he was married, but I know that ain't so, for sometime back, I was hurrying through Washington Square late, when I saw Ran sitting on a bench dressed in full evening dress smoking a Cigar, and there was a big bouquet of roses on the bench by him. I knew him the minute I laid eyes on him.

Mrs. F.—How does all that prove him unmarried?

Mrs. R.—Oh, well he didn't look married, besides this talk today shows I'm right. If he is flying around Miss Lenox he can't have a wife anywhere. Ran isn't that sort of a scamp. He's selfish, He was born selfish, and I think I helped to make him more so, but Ran is a gentleman. He never would play a mean trick on a woman never! I don't know why I have bored you with this bit of family history, but it is a comfort to open your heart to a discreet woman like you. He can climb to the topmost rung of the ladder without any fear of me putting a block in his way. (*Laughing*) It did strike me however as very comical to hear of him as a beau of Miss Lenox's.

Mrs. F.—Then you think perhaps your Brother really is an admirer of Miss Lenox?

Mrs. R.—Admirer yes, we all admire her, who can help it, but in love with her no, if Ran ever does come to loving any woman, it will have to be a growth with him, and when he does yield his heart, the surrender will not be made to Jeanne Lenox.

Mrs. F.—To what sort of a woman then?

Mrs. R.—To a woman stronger, better, and truer than any I have ever had the honor of fitting yet. Now I will go.

Exit Mrs. Roper.

Mrs. F.—She is right, it will be the growth of a passion.

Curtain falls.

WOODLAND SCENE.—A GARDEN PARTY TABLEAU.—Under Canopies representing different Flowers, the Ladies under the Canopies being dressed to represent the Flower under which they are standing.

ACT 3—SCENE 3.

Mr. Mackay's Studio. Mr. Mackay lying on a sofa-bed his eyes closed.

Enter Mrs Roper.

Mrs. R.—(*Approaching the sofa cautiously*) Ran, its me Ran, Your Sister Rebecca.

Ran.—(*Starting up*) Becky, I know you Becky, and I am glad to see you, find a chair for yourself.

Mrs. R.—I am glad to see you Ran. I thought if there was nobody you'd rather have Ran, you'd let me stay here, and nurse you, I read about your illness in the Paper.

Ran.—There is nobody I'd rather have Becky, it is good of you to come. What paper did you read about me in, and if you have the Paper with you, won't you read it to me now?

Mrs. R.—(*Rumaging in her pockets*) Yes Ran dear, here it is, it is a copy of Truth and says. "Friends of the promising young Sculptor Mr. Randall Mackay, whose handsome face and figure were seen often in fashionable parlors during the past spring, will regret to hear that he has completely broken down under the strain of the severe labor he imposed upon himself during the recent heated term, and that he now lies suffering from an attack of nervous prostration in his rooms, Studio Building, North Washington Square. Mr. Mackay's genius is equalled only by his ambition, he has for several years been industriously at work upon a Statue, from which he deservedly hoped to reap fame and fortune, it was this fatal resolve to complete this Statue in time for the next Academy opening, which led to his overworking himself. This Masterpiece now stands finished in his studio, but if his vigorous young life is to be sacrificed to it, one can hardly give it the full need of praise its transcendant merit claims." There Ran, now you had better try and get a little nap. I will be about when you are awake.

Ran.—Thank you Becky. I think I would feel better for a little sleep. I feel very, very, tired Sister (*Goes to sleep*).

Mrs. R.—(*Turning around, sees medicine bottles and bouquets in various stages of decay remarks to herself*) The smell of these flowers is enough to kill a well man. (*Then lights a lamp after*

which softly opening the door called to the hall Boy) Here Boy, throw these flowers away.

Boy.—Them's the young Lady's flowers, did he say dump em out? She fetches them every day.

Mrs. R.—Which young Lady?

Boy.—The one who comes bout dark. She's a stunner better looking than the one that stayed here at first with him, We all thought that one was Mrs. Mac.—

Mrs. R.—(*With great dignity*) I am Mr. Mackay's Sister, and I have come here to nurse him, I shall see that no one else intrudes on him.

Boy—All right mum, I guess he needs a Sister or some womankind to take him in hand, I can tell you—(*Called away*)

Mrs. R.—(*Seeing some one glide past her into the room quickly shut the door saying*) Now who are you? and what are you doing here, heavens! Miss Lenox, I might have known that basque anyway.

Miss Len.—Roper! Don't keep me from him, Roper I did not know you were a nurse, but I am glad it is you who are with him Roper Oh, don't keep me from going into the studio he doesn't know it, I come always when I know he will be asleep, I should die if I could not.

Mrs. R.—Miss Lenox are you engaged to that young man in there?

Miss Len.—Yes-no-that is—Oh Roper, I know I am putting myself completely in your power, but—

Mrs. R.—You are safe with me Miss Lenox; but there's the world at large.

Miss Len.—(*Snapping her finger fiercely*) That's for the world at large! I love him, He loves me, he would not speak out because I was rich and he was poor, Oh! my love, my love how could you be so foolish. (*Pushing by Mrs. Roper she kneeled a few moments by Mr. Mackay's couch, then suddenly rising up said*) I have not harmed him Roper, He don't know that I have ever been here, nobody does but Florence my maid, If I could not kneel by his side to ask God to make him well, I could not stand it Roper. I have left the roses. (*Mrs. Roper leading her quietly out of the room whispers good advice to her*)

Exit Miss Lenox.

Ran.—(*Awakening*) I thought maybe you had gone away from me Becky, Who lighted that? (*Pointing to a lighted lamp*)

Mrs. R.—I did, I cast about for a Lamp that would make a soft light, and that was the only one I could find.

Ran.—I like it, I am glad you did it, would you mind taking that sheet off her face Becky? (*Pointing to the Statue*) I have not cared to uncover it for anybody else, but I'd like you to see how beautiful she was. Please take the sheet entirely off Becky (*Mrs. Roper takes the sheet off*) You like her Becky?

Mrs. R.—Like it, Randall—it's superb, she looks as if she had just turned her head away to listen for something she wanted to hear, and her neck, and that arm and hand, Randall the world will ring with your name, after once that thing has been placed on exhibition.

Ran.—Then it will never ring with my name Becky.

Mrs. R.—Come now that's a sick man's fancy, you think because you are unwell, the end of all thing has come, wait until I get to coddling you with all the messes you used to love, —(*noticing that Randall was paying no attention to her she stopped talking and he began muttering*)

Ran.—Oh my love, my love, my beautiful, have you not heard of it of late, have you not heard all my remorse, all my love, all my agony, over and over again? Would you come back to me if you could my sweet, could you only come back to me from the cold, cold water, and let me hear you say I forgive you, would you do it my beautiful one? Have I not kissed your marble feet my own? Have I not pressed my hot cheeks to your little cold hands darling, and you would not take pity on me? Do you not know where you are my dear that I would not let your image be gazed at by vulgar eyes?

Mrs. R.—(*Placing herself suddenly between him and the Statue, and hastily covering it said sharply*) Randall.

Ran—Yes Becky—what was I saying, has Mr. Grayson been here?

Mrs. R.—Mr. Grayson, no, a Mr. Chiltern has been here, and he told me to say, that he means to bring his own Doctor here to-morrow, he says yours is a "poor quack," but his will make a new man of you in no time.

Ran.—Dolly is a good fellow, a loyal friend, I don't deserve his friendship.

Mrs. R.—You deserve everybody's friendship Ran. You always did have the knack of making folks love you Ran, from a little boy up.

Ran.—If Mr. Grayson comes while I am asleep Becky, make him stay, and, make the old man comfortable won't you Becky?

Mrs. R.—Yes Ran, but who is Mr. Grayson dear?

Ran.—He is my Father-in-law, an my companion in grief.

Mrs. R.—Your Father-in-law Randall (*No response came. he had again fallen asleep*) Well if Mr. Grayson is his Father-in-law, where is his wife, and if he has a wife, what does Jeanne Lenox mean by coming here on the sly. Things are mixed up, no wonder he is ill, I think such a mixture would make any one ill, however I will run home for a few minutes, perhaps the fresh air will aid me in solving the mystery for there is a mystery existing around here.

Exit Mrs. Roper.

ACT 3—SCENE 4.

Mrs. Roper's millinery shop. Mrs. Roper seated on a band box.

Mrs. R.—(*Knock at the door*) Come in.

Enter Mrs. Fawcett,

Mrs. F.—You are so hard to find lately that I shall have to set a trap for you, whenever my rent falls due.

Mrs. R.—Little thought have I been giving to room rent this week (*Speaking disconsolately but extending her hand for the bills*) there are more things in this world to bother about than money Mrs. Fawcett.

Mrs. F.—Many more, you are in trouble, can I do anything for you?

Mrs. R.—Not this time, it's a graver matter than designing a Laurel Mountain ball dress, do sit down, it gives me the fidgets to have you standing up, and me sitting, but I'm that tired I am ready to drop.

Mrs. F.—(*Sitting down as requested*) this is your busy season I suppose.

Mrs. R.—It isn't work, I'm used to that, but I'm not used to nursing, I'm done up.

Mrs. F.—Sickness in the family. Nothing serious I hope?

Mrs. R.—It's my Brother, Mr. Randall Mackay the sculptor, you have heard me speak of him.

Mrs. F.—(*Startled*) What of your Brother is he very ill?

Mrs. R.—Dear me Mrs. Fawcett, if you ever read the papers you wouldn't have to ask. Didn't you see in Truth that poor Randall had worked himself nearly to death to finish a Statue think of such foolishness?

Mrs. F.—And is it finished?

Mrs. R.—Yes, but it came very near finishing him.

Mrs. F.—(*Excitedly*) Is it on Exhibition? Has the world passed sentence on it? Do they call him great? Is he famous?

Mrs. R.—Do they call him great, I call him a bag of bones, Is he famous maybe what is left of him is, but that is precious little, much good has his marble beauty done for him so far.

Mrs. F.—Have you seen it?

Mrs. R.—Only once, and then I didn't see the face well, the thing stands there finished, but a dusty old sheet hides it from everybody I heard an old man say, who came in to inquire about Ran. that the figure never would be put on Exhibition, though I should think some of his rich friends, and he seems to have lots of them, would give him Thousands of Dollars for it, on the principle of a Fool and his money soon parted you know.

Mrs. F.—Why is the Statue not to be exhibited?

Mrs. R.—The dear only knows. Nobody has honored me

with an explanation, all I know I caught by making use of my ears, when the old man and the Doctor were talking, and I may not even have had that straight.

Mrs. F.—Well whatever it is, please let me have it.

Mrs. R.—Well I think I heard the old man tell the Doctor, that since Ran had heard of his wife's death, he had sworn the Statue should never be exhibited.

Mrs. F.—You say his wife is dead?

Mrs. R.—Yes dead, and the outrageous part of it is nobody knew he had one until the old man let it out, which I wish he hadn't, for since she is dead, Ran might have done much better and married—but there now how my old tongue does get away with me.

Mrs. F.—Who says his wife is dead?

Mrs. R.—The old man I suppose Mrs. Fawcett, I heard him telling the Doctor something about a Telegram which he showed Ran too sudden, both men seem awfully cut up about it.

Mrs. F.—(*Laughing hysterically*) What a pity it isn't true! So this is the outcome, that is what comes of having high ideals and trying to force other people to live up to them. How many lives have I ruined.

Mrs. R.—My dear you don't look as if you'd ever ruined anybody's life. What does ail you Mrs. Fawcett?

Mrs. F.—I think I will go to him Mrs. Roper at once.

Mrs. R.—Go to who?

Mrs. F.—To Randall, your Brother—my Husband.

Mrs. R.—(*Amazed*) Randall Mackay your Husband?

Mrs. F.—Yes.

Mrs. R.—And then you are not dead after all. Why how—

Mrs. M.—No doubt you will soon know all there is to know Mrs. Roper. At present I must go to Randall and to Father.

Mrs. R.—Did you and Ran have a falling out Mrs.—

Mrs. M.—Call me Marianne, we are Sister's in law—you know.

Mrs. R.—Yes I always did feel drawn towards you but was there no divorce my dear?

Mrs. M.—None.

Mrs. R.—Then what is the matter?

Mrs. M.—I made a mistake, I believed he would make a position for himself easier and quicker without me, than with me, I meant to leave him "Unhampered" for his work. I believe I was more ambitious for him than he was for himself.

Mrs. R.—Unhampered for his work, Unhampered for his deviltry you mean, my dear, don't you know that men like Ran need to be driven to work, I used to drive him to school, yes you made a big mistake, He'll get well fast enough now, but there is one thing I want settled and that is an explanation of some kind to be made to Miss Lenox.

Mrs. M.—I agree with you.

Mrs. R.—Ran's conduct towards that innocent child was shameful, she has no woman folks to guide her. I have half a mind to go and see her myself, in the meantime go to Randall and get him away somewhere as soon as possible. My head that is dizzy, with all this excitement, I never was as near daft in all my born days. If I don't spoil the next dozen dresses I cut out, it will be a special providence preventing. Are you coming with me now, or shall I go first and prepare Ran for the return of the prodigal.

Mrs. M—You go first please, and instead of your visiting Miss Lenox I will call upon her, and when you hear me come to the Studio, I will knock twice, send me my father first if he is there, he is the dear old man you spoke about—just say a lady wants to see him.

Exit Mrs. Mackay.

Mrs. R.—Mrs. Fawcett, Randall's wife. Miss Lenox his sweetheart, Randall my Brother. Well whosoever would have supposed that I, Roper, would have lived to be a victim of such proceedings, I wonder what will happen next, but I forget the patient, I must hurry to him.

Exit Mrs. Roper.

ACT 3—SCENE 5.

Miss Lenox's boudoir. Miss Lenox walking up and down the room awaiting with impatience the entrance of her maid.

Enter Florence.

F.—We have made a mistake (*She said coolly laying an unopened note before her also a small bouquet of flowers*) I am sorry I could not deliver them, but it was impossible.

Miss Len.—And why?

F.—Because it is reported that Monsieur's Wife has returned, and it would be manifestly indiscreet. I could not risk my Young Lady's reputation so thoughtlessly.

Miss Len.—(*Very shocked*) His Wife?

F.—Yes Monsieur's wife, it would seem their quarrel is quite made up, the Janitor says everybody is happy, and that Monsieur will get well shortly, and go away, let us hope so, and Miss Lenox I have other news for you, my friend the Janitor gave it to me, he got it from the Elevator Boy in the Studio building, and I believe the Elevator Boy heard it from the man of the Gentleman who picked Mr. Chiltern up, but of that I am not quite sure.

Miss Len.—Well Florence, what about the Gentleman's man and the Elevator Boy and Mr. Chiltern who was picked up? that has such a disreputable sound.

F.—The Janitor says, he is very badly injured, perhaps will carry the scar to his grave, at least so one of the waiters at the Club told the Gentleman's man who picked him up. I mean the man of the Gentleman who picked him up.

Miss Len.—Scar to the grave poor Mrs. Chiltern, she must be almost crazy, but what was he doing, did your footman and your waiters tell you that?

F.—He was defending a young Lady, Mr. Chiltern is of the knightly sort, only Miss Lenox never seemed to discern it.

Miss Len.—Who was the Lady Florence, that Mr. Chiltern defended in a draymen's style, did your footman give her name?

F—I do not know her name, my friend the Janitor did not give it to me, I thought Miss Lenox would be interested, because she knows Mrs. Chiltern and her daughters.

Miss Len.—Yes I am very, very, sorry poor Mrs. Chiltern.

F.—I suppose we will see it all in to-morrow's papers.

Miss Len.—Hear what in the papers to-morrow?

F.—About the trouble at the Club, the Lady's name and so on, fortunate Lady, now she will become the fashion, my Lady Eunice said (*Hearing a cry she looked up and saw that Miss Lenox was fainting taking her in her arms, she laid her on a couch*)

Miss Len.—(*recovering from her fainting spell*) What is the matter with me Florence, I feel so stupid.

F.—Miss Lenox fainted, that is all, one's first affaire always excite one unduly, Miss Lenox had better try to go to asleep. (*Placing a screen between the couch and the door*)

Exit Florence.

Enter Miss Hildah Warren.

Miss W.—(*Going behind the screen she notices Jeanne lying down apparently asleep*) Is the child unwell, and never a word to me about it, I must be of very little importance, and none to Jeanne lately (*Raising her voice*) Jeanne, are you unwell Jeanne?

Miss Len.—No I'm not unwell Aunt Hildah.

Miss W.—You look like it, your cheeks are fiery red, I do believe you have fever, let me see your tongue.

Miss Len.—I am not sick Aunt, and I do not care to show you my tongue.

Miss W.—Well, well, don't get snappish, there is a person here Jeanne who wants to see you, she says she wants to see you privately on particular business.

Miss Len.—Did she send in her card?

Miss W.—No, She says you don't know her, but she begs you will not refuse to see her.

Miss Len.—Have you seen her?

Miss W.—Yes, Janson showed her into the parlor, I should say she was a Lady, in spite of her extremely plain dress, beg-

ging for some charity I suppose, shall I tell her you are sick?

Miss Len.—But I am not sick, and I think I should rather enjoy hearing about poor and miserable people just now, send her in here Aunt please.

Miss W.—Enjoy hearing about poor and miserable people, Jeanne Lenox you are enough to make one a convert to the theory of original depravity (*Opening door to admit the stranger*) Please walk in, I have told the Lady Jeanne, that we have so many calls on us from our own Church, that we rarely step aside for strangers.

Enter Mrs Mackay.

Miss Len.—Yes Aunt Hildah, but I will make my own statements if you please, there is some one calling you Aunt.

Exit Miss Warren.

Mrs. M.—Miss Lenox, I have come here begging, but it is not for any Church charity, I have come here to beg your pardon, and if possible to right a great wrong, I have helped to do you.

Miss Len.—I don't understand, who are you?

Mrs. M.—I am Marianne Mackay, Mr. Randall Mackay's wife, and I want to be your friend (*Divesting herself of her wraps*)

Miss Len.—(*Haughtily*) Did your husband send you here Mrs. Mackay to plead for him the impostor, has he told you how he won the friendship of Jerome Lenox, and his Daughter?

Mrs. M.—I think you must let me make things a little clearer Miss Lenox, and you will see that I came here on my own accord with the earnest desire to serve you, he does not know I am here.

Miss Len.—To serve me.

Mrs. M.—To serve you, I have suffered too much myself not to recognize the sign of it in others. I will not detain you long. You imagine do you not dear that the world, all your world will soon be wagging its head over Miss Lenox's folly. You imagine how the story of your giving your first girl's fancy only a fancy dear, to a married man.

Miss Len.—He is a wretch, don't mention his name in my presence I hate him. Oh how I loathe him.

Mrs. M.—I do not intend to insult you by mentioning his name any oftener than is needful, it is only because I feel largely responsible for your trouble that I dared come to you, please hear me quietly to the end. When I went away from my husband with a view of testing his ability for earnest effort, it was because the wealthy patrons of art here in this City were beginning to notice him, and I imagined that I was a drag to his ambition, I had always kept in the background, in fact you were the only Lady visitor to the studio whoever saw me.

Miss Len.—I have seen you.

Mrs. M.—Yes, you came to the studio whilst Mr. Mackay

was away and offered me money to let you see the Statue.

Miss Len.—True, true, how I must have insulted you.

Mrs. M.—Well to resume, I thought my utter absence would be unnoticed, but I was not far seeing enough to calculate some of the evil possibilities of giving him his liberty, he had never been what is called a Lady's man, in fact I think I knew he was too self absorbed ever to form a deep attachment for any woman. I believe he wanted his freedom as an Artist, and I gave it to him. "God knows at what a sacrifice" but that his face and smooth ways might ever prove a snare to others, I had never thought of, if I did, I dropped it as the foolish fancy of a jealous woman, for that result of my blindness I am here to beg your pardon and to make reparation.

Miss Len.—What reparation can you make?

Mrs. M.—You have already found out that the only wound is to your pride.

Miss Len.—Yes I have but that wound.—

Mrs. M.—Is the one I am here to heal.

Miss Len.—Then be quick about it. I will die of the shame of it.

Mrs. M.—(*Abruptly*) What Church do you attend?

Miss Len.—Trinity Chapel.

Mrs. M.—Is it large and a fashionable one?

Miss Len.—Yes.

Mrs. M.—Your pew conspicuous?

Miss Len.—Yes.

Mrs. M.—Then, my dear, I wish to accompany you to Church to-morrow (*Jeanne started and blushed*) Do not be afraid that you will ever have to recognize me afterwards, but here is a paragraph I wish to have inserted in a society column on Monday. All the world, your world, will wag its head and say "We must have made a mistake, there is nothing wrong there," it will be a disappointment to them for doubtless they think just now that they have an unusually sweet morsel to roll under their tongues.

Miss Len.—(*Taking Mrs. Mackay's hand*) I wish I might know you, have you for a friend, you must be strong, and good, and unselfish, or you never would have thought of sheltering me, for I am wicked, desperately wicked.

Mrs. M.—My dear, if a little white dove who had been robbed of its Mother, should tumble ignorantly from its soft nest into the mud and mire of the road side, and soil its pretty wings, would you pass by on the other side and call that little dove a desperately wicked thing.

Miss Len.—If I were like you I suppose I would pick the silly thing up smooth its soiled plumage, and replace it in its nest.

Mrs. M.—(*Releasing her hand*) And that is just what I want to do my dear, will do. It is only the plumage that is soiled, and mine be the hand to smooth it. It is agreed upon there-

fore our walk to Church and if you will name the time, I will not disappoint you?

Miss Len.—Eleven o'clock the services commence.

Mrs. M.—I will call for you at half past ten. May I now say adieu, and au revoir.

Exit Mrs. Mackay.

Miss Len.— "When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then Music with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress."

Band plays.

Curtain falls

ACT 3—SCENE 6.

Mr. Mackay's studio. Mr. Mackay seated in a chair bolstered up with pillows, talking with Mr. Grayson.

Enter Mrs. Roper.

Mrs. R.—Well Randall, oh you have some one with you Mr. Grayson I believe, we have met before. I do not think you know my name, it is Roper. I am Mr. Mackay's nurse, by the way won't you go to the door, I hear some one knocking.
(*Mrs Mackay appears when door is opened and remains in the Hall talking to her Father*)

Mr. G.—My God! it is Nan-Nan.

Mrs. M.—I wanted to see you first Father you alone. I want to beg your pardon for all I've made you suffer, I did not know until this morning what you had endured, my patient, precious Father.

Mr. G.—It has been hard darling, very hard, but I thought I was being justly punished for the way I treated you that last night my sweet, but thank God! I've gotten you back, it was the Telegram that mowed Ran and me down,

Mrs. M.—It was a mistake Father one more mistake, everything I have done has been a mistake, don't you think so Father? but tell me about the Telegram?

Mr. G.—Why Nan-Nan dear, I got so excited about your continued absence, that I employed an Officer to find out where you were, and a week ago I received from him a Telegram saying "Have run out clue your Daughter is drowned." You can imagine my state of feelings on receiving this news, and as soon as I was able, I rushed to see Ran, and after reading to him the despatch he fainted, you know the rest.

Mrs. M.—But how did the Officer get such a report?

Mr. G.—It seems he traced you somewhere in the neighborhood of the river, and whilst investigating saw a corpse taken from the river, of a young woman that resembled you minutely, and no identification having taken place, he jumped at the conclusion that it must be you, yes, yes dearie, it was the Telegram that made it hurt so.

Mrs. M.—Did you go to look at the corpse?

Mr. G.—Yes. and the moment I saw it, I knew it was not you, but the mischief had been done, and I could not convince Randall it was not so.

Mrs. M.—Come Father, I hope Mrs. Roper has prepared Randall for my coming, I hear her calling now.

Mrs. R.—(*Speaking loudly*) I wish you'd come and do it yourself or undo it, I don't know which, I can't.

Mrs. M.—(*Impetuously approaching the invalid, and kneeling by his chair took his hand saying*) It was a mistake Randall, that

Telegram, I will tell you more when you are stronger. Are you glad to see me back now that the masterpiece is done?

Ran.—Nan-Nan forgive me, I never knew what you were to me until I thought I had lost you forever, but I knew you would come back to me if you were alive.

Exeunt Mr. Grayson and Mrs. Roper.

Mrs. M.—Randall did you want me to come back, did I mistake in thinking you could work better without me. Have you found out whether you need me or not?

Ran.—Need you Nan-Nan, I need you every hour, the Statue is finished, go and look at it, I want to know what you think of it, idealized you will say. (*Marianné goes to the Statue and taking off its shroud stands before it in deep contemplation*) Well Nan-Nan what do you think of it?

Mrs. M.—It is a grand piece of work, it is perfect, I am proud of it, but you are right it is idealized.

Ran.—You have lost tone mabelle, grown a trifle angular, but we will both come back from Italy as good as new, read that (*Giving her a note*)

Mrs. M.—Well—Six thousand dollars is a good round sum and you will take it?

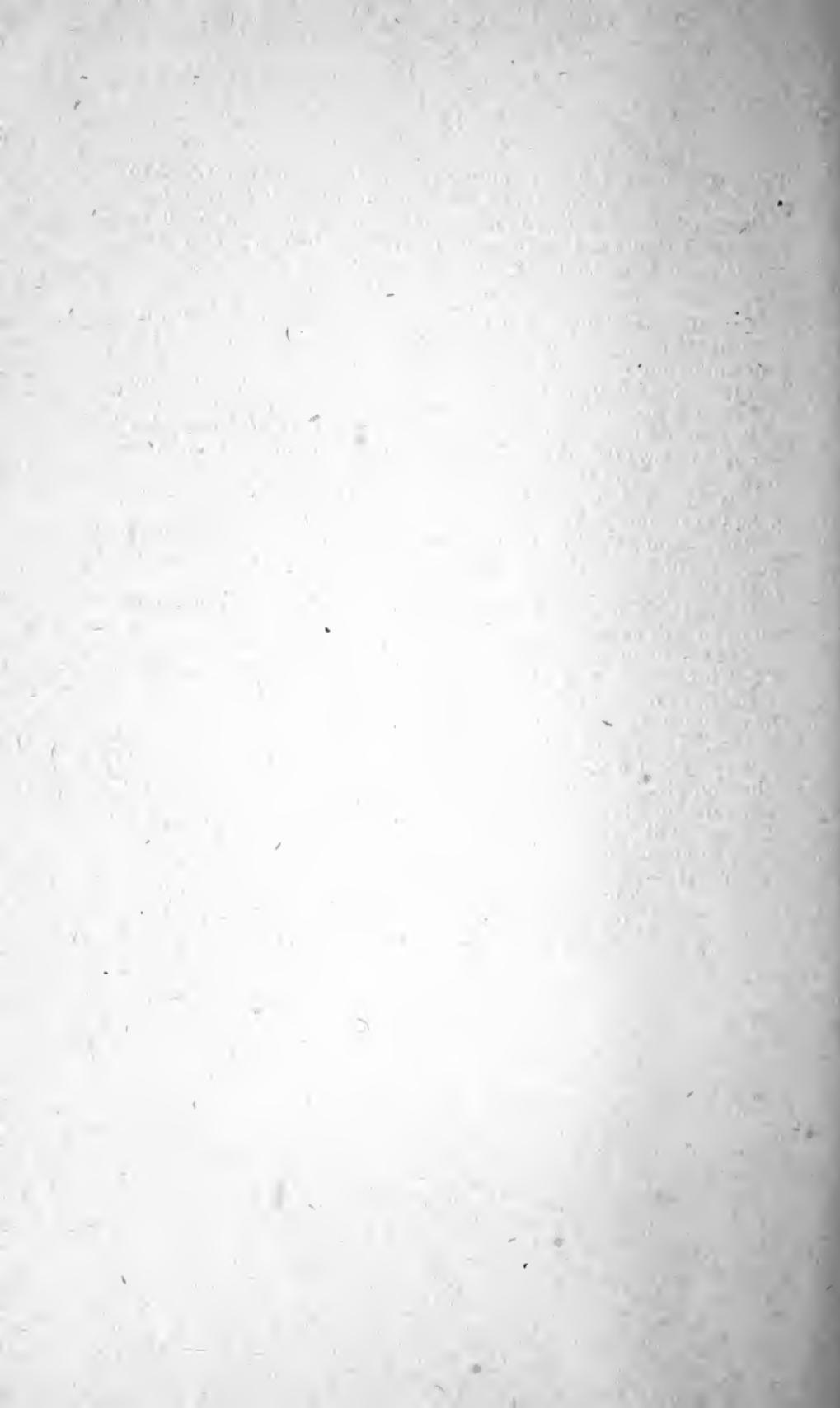
Ran.—Without question. When that idiotic Telegram came I felt for a little while that there was too much of you in it Nan-Nan for me to convert it into hard cash, but now that I have you back, I see it in a different light.

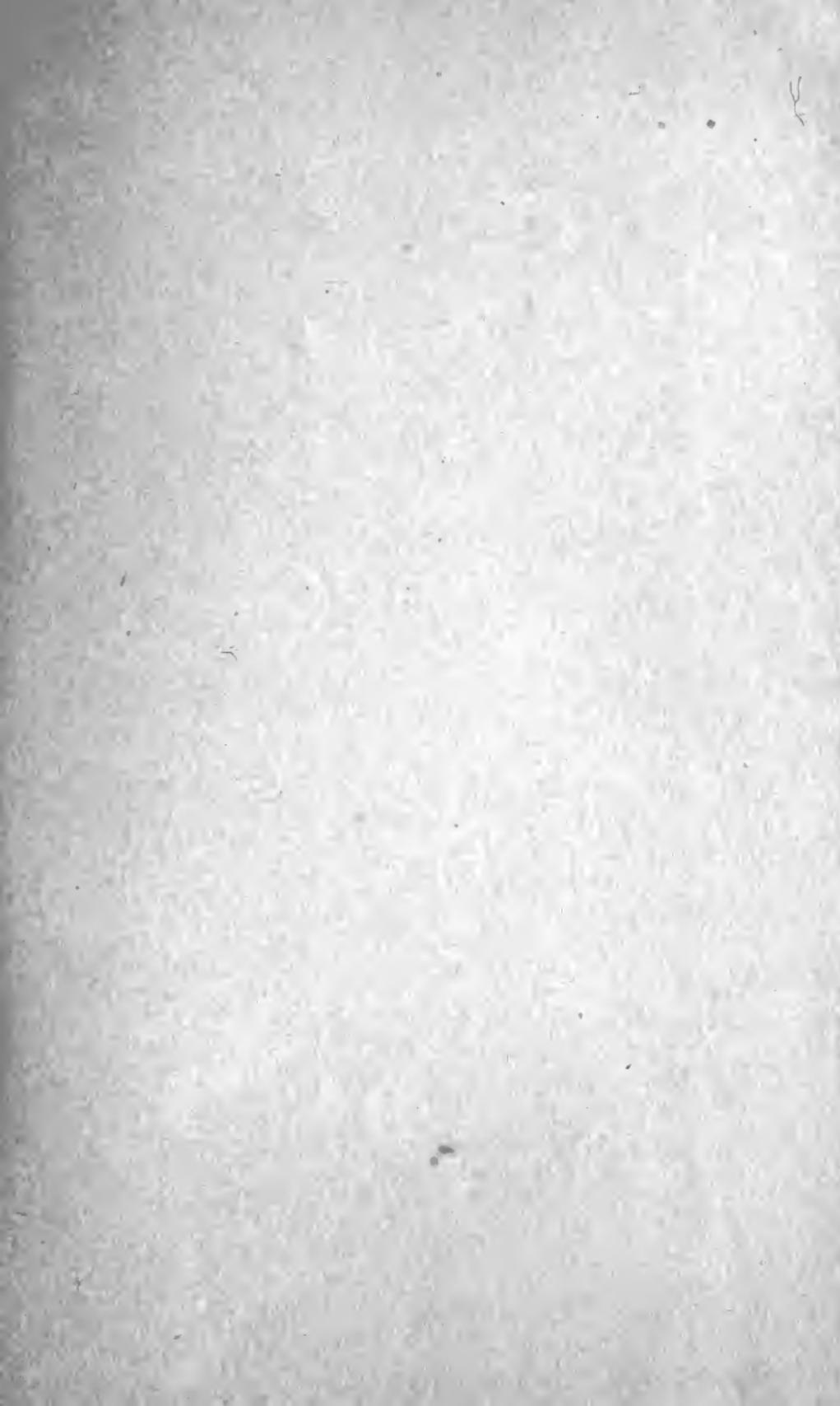
Mrs. M.—Yes of course

Ran.—Nan-Nan—I think I feel well enough to go away very shortly, please make your preparations accordingly, and perhaps under the sky of another Continent, “Life’s Young Dream” will be realized by both of us, in a way neither of us ever contemplated.

Mrs. M.—(*Addressing the audience*)

Farewell my friends, Thanks for your attention.
May “Hampered” prove worthy of your mention.







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